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EASTERN AFFAIRS.

THE swell which follows the subsidence of the political storm is rather troublesome than dangerous. The unnecessary bloodshed and suffering which have resulted from resistance to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is greatly to be regretted. It may be hoped that few, even among philanthropists, concur in the complacent reflection that the collision will accelerate and complete the ruin of the Mahometan population. BURKE was in the habit of attributing extraordinary hardness of heart to the Republican theorists, whom he oddly described as metaphysicians; but, for the attainment of perfect superiority to justice and compassion, it is necessary to combine religious bigotry with pedantic intolerance. The Austrian Government may perhaps have made a mistake in crossing the frontier before the Turkish Government had, in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, arranged the terms of occupation; but, on the other hand, it may have seemed necessary to apply pressure at Constantinople by actual occupation. As neither Lord SALISBURY's motion nor the acceptance of his proposal by the Congress included a limitation of time, the Porte cannot seriously have expected that the Austrian Government would bind itself to evacuate the provinces at any definite period. There can be little doubt that the occupation will be permanent, and that it is equivalent to annexation. In one of his late speeches Lord BEACONSFIELD said that Austria had been substituted for Russia as the contingent heir of Constantinople. For the SULTAN it is better to have two rival claimants of the succession to his throne than to stand face to face with a single ambitious neighbour. The landmarks of Ottoman dominion will perhaps remain longer in their places because there is a doubt as to the direction in which they are to be moved. The announcement that the SULTAN has given orders to the civil and military authorities in the provinces to receive the Austrians as friends, and to comply with the requisitions of their commanders, appears to have been premature; but there can be little doubt as to the ultimate result of the attempt to force the Turkish Government to a decision. The aspirations of bloodthirsty benevolence in England will probably be disappointed, although the more warlike section of the Mahometan population may for a time continue a desultory warfare. The use of artillery in the skirmishes of the last fortnight is a proof that a part of the Turkish force consisted of regular troops. It is impossible to feel moral disapprobation of patriotic resistance to foreign invasion. The Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia would have been perfectly justified in disregarding the stipulations of the treaty, if only there had been a reasonable hope of success. They may even dispute the right of their Government to alienate any portion of its territory without the consent of the population; but the officers and soldiers of the regular army will obey the commands of the SULTAN, and without their aid opposition to the Austrian army will be hopeless. In a short time the unequal conflict will be at an end; and the new rulers will be well advised in conceding a practical amnesty to the insurgents.

There is some reason to believe that the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria was discussed when the alliance of the three EMPERORS was under consideration four or five years ago. It is also known that the insurrec-

tion of 1875 was encouraged by the Austrian authorities in Dalmatia, although it was probably in the first instance foisted by Russian agents. The counsels of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy were perhaps at that time divided. The Court and the military aristocracy have always been friendly to Russia, while the ablest Austrian statesmen opposed the policy of a Turkish partition. The proposals of Russia for an occupation of different provinces by the forces of the two Powers were repeatedly rejected, until the conquest of Bulgaria suggested the expediency of securing an equivalent in Bosnia. The inconvenience caused by the influx of fugitives into Austrian territory furnished an excuse for intervention; and it happened that for various reasons all the Powers except Italy found their account in the extension of Austrian dominion. There is reason to hope that the provinces will be better governed by Austria than by Turkey, and a wholesome check will be imposed on the turbulence of Servia and Montenegro. If Bosnia had been remitted to the authority of the SULTAN, there would have been no security for the repression of those internal feuds which furnished foreign ambition with constant opportunities of promoting disturbance. The authors of the Treaty of Berlin had in most cases only a choice of evils. It was better to permit or to invoke Austrian intervention than to leave untouched the ostensible cause of the recent troubles. The permission to occupy Bosnia necessarily included the right of suppressing resistance by force. A similar difficulty is likely to arise in Armenia, where the tribes in the neighbourhood of Batoum threaten a hopeless resistance to the annexation of their country by Russia. If it is true that the Porte has already undertaken to complete the surrender of Batoum, the evil of a useless and hopeless conflict may perhaps be averted. The strict neutrality which was professed by the commander of the Turkish troops may have encouraged the tribes in their purpose of resistance. It will be a cause for grave regret if, in their ignorance, they incur the implacable resentment of a Power which knows no pity for opponents; and if it is true that the insurgents have hoisted the English flag, they ought as soon as possible to be disabused of a baseless hope of support. The passive acquiescence of the English Government in the transfer of Batoum was unavoidable, and it is necessarily final. Those who blame the concession ought in consistency to maintain that it would have been right and prudent to protect Turkey in the possession of Batoum at the cost of war. The confirmation of the provision of the Treaty of San Stefano which related to Batoum implied an admission that Russia was entitled to enforce the surrender. Every cession of territory contains an admission of the right of repressing opposition.

More perplexing diplomatic questions may perhaps occur in dealing with the claims of Greece. There is reason to fear that the Porte has determined to reject the proposal of the Congress that it should cede a portion of the border territory. A few days ago the Foreign Office had received no official notice of the refusal; but Sir CHARLES DILKE's suspicion is confirmed by the statements of well-informed newspaper Correspondents, and neither Mr. BOURKE nor Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE affected disbelief of a fact which they were not technically in a position to admit. It cannot be supposed that the Powers who were represented at Berlin will acquiesce in the rejection of a recommendation which was intended as a command. The

English Government is more especially bound to insist on the discharge of a moral obligation which would, but for its intervention, have assumed a more peremptory shape. Lord BEACONSFIELD lately declared that the SULTAN, of whose character he spoke in complimentary terms, had postponed the consideration of the pretensions of Greece that he might allow the Congress an opportunity of offering advice on the subject. It was clearly understood that Lord BEACONSFIELD confidently relied on the SULTAN's readiness to comply with the recommendation which he had invited. It was more than once stated that the territorial acquisitions of Greece were larger in extent than those which had been granted to Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro. The Principalities which had shared in the war may perhaps have been disappointed by the Berlin award; but their aggrandizement, large or small, was not dependent on the goodwill of the Turkish Government. It is true that the districts in dispute have not been conquered; but Greece has nevertheless given valuable consideration for a moderate cession of territory. An invasion of Epirus and Thessaly during the extreme pressure of the Russian war would have caused great embarrassment to the Porte, which could at the utmost have only exacted a barren and inviolable revenge by the bombardment of Athens. When the English Government was urged to restrain Greece from a declaration of war, it was practically authorized to promise in return concessions on the part of Turkey. There is no doubt that such an understanding was shared by England and Greece; and the implied promise ought to be redeemed.

An equitable and honourable settlement of the Greek question is the more indispensable because there is at present no other apparent obstacle in Europe to the restoration of tranquillity and the general revival of confidence. The Russian expedition in Central Asia may produce trouble hereafter, especially because SHERE ALI has agreed to receive a Russian Resident at Cabul. The principal business of such a functionary will be to excite disaffection in India; and his efforts would perhaps be facilitated by the reported occupation of a post which is said to be 325 miles distant from the English frontier. The despatch of Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN to Cabul shows the importance which the Indian Government attaches to the Russian movement. If it is true that the Envoy takes with him as an escort an entire cavalry regiment, some anxiety will be felt for the safety of a force which is large enough to provoke opposition, and too weak to protect itself from attack. For the moment it may be taken for granted that Russia can have no intention of provoking a war with England. Preparations are at last in progress for the withdrawal of the Russian army from the lines in front of Constantinople; and the English fleet will probably soon repass the Straits. In England and throughout Europe verbal controversy is rapidly subsiding, either through lack of matter or as a result of natural weariness. No other State has so immediate an interest as Turkey in the final termination of the controversy; but even Ottoman statesmen can scarcely believe that it is possible to silence the reclamations of Greece by a simple refusal to obey the injunctions of the Congress. A successful resistance would, among other consequences, fatally impair the influence which the English Government proposes, by means not yet determined, to employ for the reform of abuses in Asiatic Turkey.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE Indian Budget was discussed on Tuesday in a very thin house, but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought this no disadvantage. In one way it is none, for so long as the UNDER-SECRETARY and Mr. FAWCETT are present the attendance of other members is superfluous. The Under-Secretary of the day is always exactly like his predecessor. He always makes a lucid speech, for which he is thanked and praised, and in which he shows that everything is at its best in the happiest of all possible countries, that the natives are prosperous, the revenue flourishing, and that even the deaths from famine are satisfactorily moderate. To him replies Mr. FAWCETT that the natives are very poor, burdened with taxation, and reduced almost to despair by our system of government.

No Minister, except the Indian Minister, knows anything whatever about India. The official Opposition regards the evening allotted to the Indian Budget as an opportunity for a well-earned holiday. A few old Indian officials who have obtained seats in Parliament make a few remarks; but they look at India from their own personal point of view, and are absorbed in their special grievances. Sir GEORGE BALFOUR was much exercised in his mind by the haughty arrogance with which Bengal civilians treat Madras civilians; and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL was perturbed by the composition of a Famine Commission, which he alleged was packed, and was almost certain not to do justice to the superior manner in which he had managed famines when he presided over Bengal. Outside Parliament no one pretends to take any interest in the discussion of the Indian Budget. It is felt to be a farce. There can be no reality in a discussion unless there is some agreement as to the facts to be discussed. Englishmen can never get at any facts about India. For if independent observers make any statements, the chorus of officials pronounces them to be untrue; and outsiders will not accept the facts offered by the officials. Mr. STANHOPE, for example, in his long speech twice defended the increase of Salt-duty in Madras by alleging that in Madras there is no Land-tax. Soon after he had finished, Sir GEORGE BALFOUR got up and stated that he had lived in the Madras Presidency for years, and could say positively that the Land-tax was much heavier in Madras than in Bengal. Possibly they were speaking of different things, and Mr. STANHOPE was referring to cesses, and Sir GEORGE BALFOUR to revenue. But if the land revenue presses more hardly on Madras than on Bengal, the increase of the Salt-duty in Madras may make an unjust addition to the burdens of the people, whether cesses are paid or not. Lord CRANBROOK has recently complained that people in England do not care about India. This may be true, but it is also true that a great many persons in England wish to care about India. But how are they to begin? India is, and it may probably be said that it happily is, under a bureaucracy, into the proceedings of which it is impossible to penetrate. At present, so far as it appears, Sir JOHN STRACHEY rules India; the bureaucracy works as he wishes, and Lord LYTTON records his suggestions in the finest possible language. Mr. STANHOPE was able to inform an admiring audience that Lord LYTTON had lately pronounced a certain railway to have been the "salvation of a situation." Nothing handsomer could have been said of a minor local railway, even if it had happened to be a paying one. Very likely India is in this way governed as well as it could be governed, but how is any real interest to be felt in its government? The only thing an Englishman who sets himself to care about India can do is to speculate vaguely on what Sir JOHN STRACHEY is likely to do, and to admire what he has done, or else to be told that his deficiency of admiration is entirely due to his imperfect acquaintance with facts which no one except an official can understand.

Whether the financial situation of India is growing better or worse it is entirely impossible to gather, either from the figures submitted to Parliament, or from the speeches made in Parliament. Every successive Under-Secretary hastily tells the world in the August of each year that things are going on swimmingly, and during the rest of the year we hear of nothing but deficits and fresh taxes. If anything, however, is tolerably certain about India, it is that the real revenue of the country, the revenue that can be spent, is about 37 millions. Out of this we spend an amount on the army, as to which no two calculations are agreed. The official view, as expressed by Mr. STANHOPE, is that the real cost of the Indian army is 154 millions, and that a saving of over half a million will be effected in the coming year. Mr. FAWCETT, with the figures at his command furnished by the Government, makes the military expenditure 17 millions. If Mr. STANHOPE is right, the amount spent on the army does not appear to be very large considering what the army has to do. It has to guard the frontiers, to make expeditions, to be ready for a war with Russia, and to hold the vast territory of India on the expensive but wise principle enforced on us by the Mutiny, that all the strong places and all the artillery should be in the hands of Europeans. Further, it has to keep in check the considerable and dangerous armies of the native Princes. The Indian Govern-

ment has lately intimated to some of these Princes that it thinks their armies excessive, but it is a very difficult thing at once to leave them independent and to make them reduce their armies. If the Indian army only costs 14½ millions, it is nearly hopeless to think of reducing military expenditure. Whether the civil expenditure can be reduced entirely depends on our power to substitute, without a diminution of efficiency, native for English officials. Mr. FAWCETT thinks that this may be done, and he gives us as an instance of what may be effected in this direction, the great saving which the railway Companies have been able to effect by using natives as engine-drivers. But the instance is not satisfactory. To drive an engine is a definite exercise of personal skill, and the driver who drives badly is at once found out and punished or dismissed. An official is in a very different position. It is not that a native has any want of technical skill and cannot understand the simple duties of his calling. It is that an official can in a hundred petty ways be corrupt and tyrannical without his abuses of power being discovered, perhaps, for years. Outsiders, who have surveyed India from a philanthropic, and not an economic, point of view, say that one of the greatest evils we have inflicted on India is that we have enabled a set of needy, grasping, unscrupulous officials to grind down their countrymen. Lord SALISBURY once said that he believed that the people of India in their hearts preferred a bad native Government to a good English one. Nor is this altogether surprising. Under our rule the machinery of law is always acting, and the abuse of power by our petty native officials, where it exists at all, is a constant, unremitting evil. In old days bad officials did much worse things than they can do now; but then they were not always doing them. Everything was spasmodic, and when the storm had passed the oppressed lifted up their heads and enjoyed a time of calm.

It must also be remembered that the Indian Government has had in recent years to contend with a most serious difficulty in the decrease of the value of silver. For the present year the loss is calculated at not less than three millions sterling. This is not in any way the fault of the Indian Government. It is a great, but an unavoidable, misfortune. The Government has so much more money to find, and the natives have somehow to find it. In the same way famines are an unavoidable misfortune. Their bad effects can be mitigated to a considerable extent by railways, and to a trifling extent by canals; but the famines will come, and all that can be done is to distribute their cost over a series of years. This is to be effected by providing an insurance fund of a million and a half yearly; and the measure is admitted on all hands to be a wise one. Both to mitigate the effect of famines and to foster trade, we must go on with public works; and, as the revenue will not provide enough for the purpose, India borrows to carry out the public works that are necessary, and this of course increases the yearly interest on debt. If Mr. FAWCETT could replace Sir JOHN STRACHEY, we may be sure that he would have to permit an increasing expenditure, and would therefore have to face increasing taxation, or, at any rate, would have to contrive that the existing taxation should be more productive. The real question is, therefore, whether India is growing richer. Unless it is, the time must come when we shall have to govern it in a worse way—as, for example, by putting natives into posts for which they are not fit—or England will have to accept a portion of the burdens of India, just as France has to pay for Algeria. Is India growing richer? The answer seems to be that parts of India are growing richer, parts are stationary, and parts are growing poorer. There has, for example, been no "salvation of the situation" in Madras in recent years, while in the North-West and in Bengal there must have been a very considerable increase of wealth. The growing revenues of the railway attest this, and the trade returns of India generally show that the country as a whole is doing more business, and can, therefore, afford to pay more to the Government. Whether the country as a whole is so far increasing in wealth that it gains in new wealth more than it loses in new taxation, is a secret which is probably rather dark even to Sir JOHN STRACHEY, and is totally obscure to every one else.

#### MR. FORSTER AND THE BRADFORD CAUCUS.

**A**LTHOUGH party politicians are slow to learn, it is possible that the correspondence between Mr. FORSTER and Mr. ILLINGWORTH may suggest wholesome doubts to zealous Liberals and Conservatives. It is well that the merits of that organization which has been so loudly extolled by the leaders of both parties should be illustrated in a conspicuous example. It was to be expected that Mr. GLADSTONE should cordially approve of any form of factious combination which may tend to exclude moderate or neutral voters from any influence in elections. For some time past he has taken every opportunity of declaring himself a partisan, though it is fair to admit that his real object is probably revolutionary change, rather than the predominance of the ultra-Liberal faction. Lord BEACONSFIELD's reliance on Clubs and Associations is also intelligible, though it is fundamentally inconsistent with the principles which he is supposed to represent. The proper organization of the Conservative party would consist in the habitual use of the influence which is derived from property, from station, and from personal character. The ignoble contrivances which may perhaps be necessary for the management of elections ought to devolve on obscure agents, and to be kept as far as possible in the background. The responsibility of packing majorities by unworthy methods may perhaps be shared by both parties, and neither should boast of discreditable operations. The arts which have been brought to perfection in the United States are suggested by the existence of large popular constituencies. Multitudes are incapable of original or independent action, and they are consequently directed by professional managers. Lord BEACONSFIELD has himself effected a large extension of the suffrage, and he is one of the chief inventors of the Conservative working-man. No critic can justly accuse him of personal inconsistency when he urges on his followers the paramount duty of organization, which means habitual employment of the machinery of faction. Lord SALISBURY probably has as little faith in the Conservative working-man as when he resigned office because he was unwilling to support household suffrage. His present zeal for organization implies a desire to make the best of objectionable materials. It would certainly have been ungracious to assure the delegates of Conservative Associations that their whole system was an anomaly and a nuisance. It is so far less obnoxious than the Birmingham organization that it is less elaborate, less officious, and less intolerant. The first lessons in organization are conveyed to the infantine mind by the nursery game of "Beggar my neighbour." The new comer trusts to luck alone for success; but the crafty veteran of eight or nine learns how to win by the simple process of putting all the court cards together. When he has organized the pack, his victory is certain until his adversary becomes equally enlightened. The best excuse for the analogous organization practised at elections is that it is used in self-defence.

The true principle of representation is that every elector should vote for the candidate whom he on the whole prefers, either on account of general confidence in his character or by reason of conformity of political opinion. The Birmingham system is intended and calculated to destroy the opportunity of choice. Delegates, chosen by universal suffrage of the party elect a Committee which both selects the candidates, and, as at Bradford, imposes on them any conditions which it may deem desirable. If the organization is uniform, the tests to which candidates are required to submit may be infinitely various, and they depend on the will, not of the constituency, but of the local managers. The Bradford rule with which Mr. FORSTER has refused to comply was, as it appears in the latter part of the correspondence, introduced into the code as an affront or rebuke to himself. Mr. ILLINGWORTH, who is a leading politician at Bradford, is not so far known to the outer world as to justify an opinion whether his overbearing and discourteous tone is peculiar to himself or characteristic of the class of election-managers. In the days of rotten boroughs, such a potentate as the first Lord LONSDALE may perhaps have inflicted equally peremptory rebukes on his nominees; but in general aristocratic patrons disguised their instructions and their reprimands in polite and indirect terms. Most of them would have been incapable of telling a member who had affected inconvenient independence that in submitting to dictation there would

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be a gain of self-respect and an opportunity of reparation. When a person of Mr. ILLINGWORTH's political rank addresses such language to a person of Mr. FORSTER's political rank, the natural order of things seems to be paradoxically inverted. When the transactions which Mr. ILLINGWORTH condemns were both publicly known and freshly remembered, Mr. FORSTER was one of two candidates for the high office of leader of the Liberal party; and, although Lord HARTINGTON was preferred by a majority, Mr. FORSTER received strong support; and he was universally recognized as a fit and creditable competitor. Since that time he has, with the approval of the party, taken a principal part in debate; and on some occasions he has, with the cordial assent of Lord HARTINGTON himself, acted as temporary leader. On the Eastern controversy, and in the advocacy of household suffrage in counties, he has been a conspicuous advocate of the opinions of the party; and he has lately conducted, with vigour and success, the opposition of the boroughs to the Cattle Diseases Bill, in the form in which it was promoted on behalf of the farmers. The most eminent leader of the party, after Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON, is not even recognized as a member of the body by Mr. ILLINGWORTH and a few like-minded busybodies at Bradford.

The offence for which Mr. FORSTER is required to do penance was committed against the Liberal managers, who have since reconstructed their machinery of dictation. At the election of 1874 Mr. FORSTER was threatened with political excommunication because he had passed the great measure of 1870 for the purpose of educating the mass of the people, and not for the sectarian advantage of the Nonconformists. Political and religious bigots cared nothing for the great services which he had rendered to the cause of education; nor even for his recent success in carrying the Ballot, which had long been for sufficient reasons the favourite measure of democratic politicians. It is perhaps not the peculiar attribute of Dissenting Radicals to cultivate revenge more carefully than gratitude. Local partisans are often guilty of meanness and injustice; and Mr. ILLINGWORTH and his colleagues were eager to exclude Mr. FORSTER from the representation of Bradford, and, if possible, from public life. They were bitterly disappointed when he determined to appeal from the wire-pullers to the constituency. The moderate Liberal party concurred in resenting the dictation of the managers, and, with the aid of the Conservatives, they returned Mr. FORSTER by a large majority. His bitterest enemies cannot accuse him of having since inclined to the interests or doctrines of his Conservative supporters. Politicians of the class to which Mr. ILLINGWORTH apparently belongs care little for measures and nothing for men. The process of election is to them incomparably more interesting than its consequence; and Mr. FORSTER's great services to the party are forgotten because he is thought not to have been elected after the orthodox fashion. The test which he has refused has nothing to do with political principles. It is only demanded that he should recognize the absolute authority of the local managers of the factious. He is courteously reminded that, if he declines to comply, he will be accused of having been returned in 1874 in spite of the Liberals, and of "intending to keep the way open to become so again." The argument which Mr. FORSTER deduces from his position as sitting member would have been conclusive if Mr. ILLINGWORTH and his friends had not determined to make him submit to humiliation; yet it is to be regretted that such a contention should have been raised. The Bradford test would have been not less inexcusable if it had been imposed on an untried candidate. It is not known that any boroughmonger required of his nominee a promise that he would not seek the support of a rival patron.

Mr. ILLINGWORTH may perhaps have by this time discovered that he has overshot his mark. The most zealous organs of the party recommend the Bradford Liberal Club to reconsider its determination, and to sacrifice its private and local antipathies to the common cause. If the managers are obdurate, Mr. FORSTER will probably find a seat where there is a less intolerant constituency, and where the managers have no personal spite to indulge; but whether Mr. ILLINGWORTH proves to be pliable or contumacious, he will not be able to cancel the lesson which he has taught to reasonable students of politics. Extreme cases furnish the best illustrations of political experiments. The actual or attempted exclusion of a leader of the Liberal party from Parliament is found

to be the immediate and natural result of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's objectionable machinery. Mr. GOSCHEN's retirement from the representation of the City of London is due to somewhat different causes, inasmuch as he has condemned himself to ostracism because he discerns the mischievous tendency of a measure adopted by the party. Mr. FORSTER assents *ex animo* to the most recent edition of the Liberal Syllabus; but he is condemned for declining to admit the infallibility of a club. The Conservatives, who cannot afford to be equally intolerant, would perhaps not regret the decapitation of the opposite party. The negligence of the Liberals in providing seats for their leaders is not a little surprising. Lord HARTINGTON represents a small borough with which he has no local connexion. Mr. LOWE is happily safe in the exceptional seat which Lord BEACONSFIELD professes to have instituted for his convenience. Mr. GLADSTONE retires from Greenwich, where he was at the last election only second on the poll; but there can be no doubt that he will be returned for some large and democratic constituency. In the City of London, and in the populous town of Bradford, the Liberals are apparently impatient of representatives who think for themselves. If Mr. FORSTER is rejected, he will have been defeated, not in a Parliamentary election, but in a preliminary election of delegates to whom the constituency will have transferred all its rights and powers. It appears from an incidental statement of Mr. ILLINGWORTH that the Bradford Town Council and School Board have already been effectually packed with political partisans. In course of time it will be found that a Liberal minority has been not less effectually disfranchised than the Conservative party, which probably includes many of the most intelligent and most prosperous members of the community.

#### LEGISLATION UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

LORD O'HAGAN knows the sort of support which goes to make a really popular movement; and he wisely refrained from giving that title to the agitation which has carried the Irish Sunday Closing Bill through Parliament. What he did say of it was perfectly true. It is a measure "fortified by a body of Irish opinion such as 'never has supported any measure before.'" The Bill finds favour with nearly all the Roman Catholic bishops; with all the bishops of the Disestablished Church; with the Moderator of the Synod of Ulster, and a vast number of Presbyterian clergymen; with a majority of county magistrates; and with an "almost countless" number of town councillors and magistrates. Never before, it may easily be believed, have these various classes been equally agreed upon the merits of a measure; and, if that measure had been one which relates even in the slightest and most remote degree to well-to-do people, this extraordinary unanimity would be an argument in favour of the Bill. If Lord O'HAGAN had been able to say that Irish bishops or Irish magistrates had come to the conclusion that they spend a great deal too much of their Sunday at the public-house, their opinion in favour of Sunday closing would be worth listening to. Instead of this, all that can be said is that Irish bishops and Irish magistrates have come to the conclusion that other people spend a great deal too much of their Sunday at the public-house. This Bill is not a piece of class legislation in the ordinary sense of the phrase. It is not forced through Parliament to further the special interests of its promoters. But in another sense it is a piece of class legislation of the worst kind. It has been forced through Parliament to further the special crotchetts of its promoters. For the first time Parliament, with open eyes and after full warning, has deliberately gone back to the principle of paternal government. It is giving the working classes, not what the working classes themselves think good for them, not what Parliament itself thinks good for them, but what their spiritual pastors and masters and their betters generally think good for them. The clergy of all denominations, and a large number of moneyed people, have determined to try their hands at making Irishmen sober by Act of Parliament. They will not be able to do this, but they may, and probably will, be able to make them get drunk at home instead of abroad. The clergy will be cheered by seeing the door of every country public-house shut from Saturday night to Monday morning, and they will pru-

dently decline to inquire how much whisky has been taken home at the end of one working week and how much remains unconsumed at the beginning of another. Their ears will no longer be offended by any sounds of boisterous merriment. The silent soak, the steady drain at the bottle, the liberal imparting of it to the wife and the children, will have taken the place of ruder, but, as we venture to think, less injurious, enjoyments. If the Irish Sunday Closing Bill does not make men drink more, and women and children drink for the first time, the ordinary laws of cause and effect will have been suspended in its favour. As has been pointed out by the supporters of the Bill, the popular liquor of Ireland is a liquor that can be taken home; and it is not a rash prediction that, when the public-houses are closed for the whole of the weekly holiday, a liquor that can be taken home is a liquor that will be taken home.

Even if there were a chance that this measure would make Ireland a more sober country, it would still be worthy of reprehension. The reasoning which supports a Sunday Closing Bill would support a Maine Liquor Law. The one standing argument against legislation of this kind is that it sacrifices the sober man to the drunkard. It leaves the sheep thirsty in order that the goats may not drink more than is good for them. If this is permissible on the Sunday, why is it not equally permissible on the weekday? If there is more drinking on the Sunday, there is a great deal of drinking on other days, and to put a stop to the practice is clearly better than merely to put a check on it. The only reason why public-houses should be kept open on any day is that there are people who wish to go to them. But this reason has greater force still as regards the Sunday, because on that day the number of people who wish to go to public-houses is larger. Lord O'HAGAN pleads that this Bill only extends over the whole of Sunday a restriction which at present applies to many hours of it. The answer is that, though Sunday closing may already have been unduly extended, its application to a part of a day stands on a wholly different footing from its application to the whole of the day. In theory, at all events, the former is strictly a police measure. Its object is not to prevent people from drinking, but to restrict their drinking within such limits as shall not be beyond the power of the police to cope with in the interest of public order. The latter, on the other hand, is not a police measure. It is a measure directed, not to the suppression of disorder, but to the suppression of drinking. It is impossible in future for the Government to take up, with any consistency, their old line of opposition to Sir WILFRID LAWSON. They have admitted that Parliament may make the suppression of drinking an object of legislation. If this may be done in Ireland, it may equally be done in England; indeed the Bishop of LONDON said on Monday that he hoped to see the principle of the Bill applied to England hereafter. When a bishop goes this length we may be sure that less cautious and responsible people will go much greater lengths. An English Sunday Closing Bill will be one of the standing proposals submitted to Parliament, and those who have voted for a similar measure in Ireland will be bound not to oppose it as a matter of principle in England. It will be resisted therefore only on the ground that the country is not yet ripe for it, and when once things have come to this pass an energetic and fanatical minority will not be long before it makes the country ripe for it, at all events in appearance. The same forces will be set to work on the one side, the same indifference will be manifested on the other, and in the end a Bill which is distasteful to the people of England will be passed because it is supported by magistrates, merchants, and the clergy of all denominations.

The main modifications which the Government have introduced into the Bill make their support of it all the more discreditable. In order to avoid the unpopularity of having to enforce the law under circumstances in which its enforcement might be a work of difficulty, they have exempted the five largest towns in Ireland from its operation. Where drunkards are few, and consequently weak, no trouble is anticipated in keeping the public-houses shut, and the Government are willing to shut them. Where drunkards are numerous, and consequently likely to be troublesome if they find the public-houses shut, the Government are determined to keep them open. It is probable that the result of this modification will not only be to leave these towns as drunken as before, but to make them more

drunken. It has been well pointed out by the *Cork Examiner* that many persons who have hitherto been in the habit of spending their Sundays in the country will in future be tempted to stay where they will still find a tavern open, and that many country people will for the same reason be led to spend their Sundays in the towns. If it is a gain to drive customers from a village public-house to a town gin-palace, that gain at least will be secured by the Sunday Closing Bill in the form in which it has become law.

Another cause for regret is supplied by the absence of any opposition to the second reading in the House of Lords. The supposed function of the House of Lords is to interpose a prudent delay between the House of Commons and the realization of a hasty and perhaps imprudent desire; and, if ever there was a case in which such a barrier was needed, it is in the case of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. The gravest suspicion has been thrown on the existence of that local desire for it which is alleged to exist in Ireland; the statistics upon which it is founded have been challenged; the statements made on its behalf have been denied. What then could have been more natural and appropriate than to reject the Bill with the view of referring the whole question to a Select Committee next Session? The Lords could have furnished a Committee eminently well suited to sift the contradictory allegations which have been put forward on both sides; and if, as is asserted, the real feeling of the Irish people—that part of the Irish people, that is to say, which is really affected by the Bill—is in favour of keeping public-houses open on Sunday, such a Committee might have been the means of exposing a mischievous, though honest, misrepresentation. It is unfortunate that the independent peers will not come to town in August when it is their business to be there. Perhaps, if the Government which supports the Irish Sunday Closing Bill had been Liberal, instead of Conservative, their lordships might have been more alive to their duty as legislators.

#### WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

SO far are all Liberals in Southwark from obeying their Four Hundred that one section of the party is going to start a candidate of its own, and a candidate of a perfectly novel description. A lady is to be nominated and voted for just as if she were a man. These enthusiasts have selected Miss HELEN TAYLOR as the exact person they wish to represent them; and, although she could not, as they are well aware, take her seat if she were elected, she might at least be in the proud position of being able to knock at the door of Parliament. It was thus that O'CONNELL was returned for Clare and Alderman SALOMONS for Greenwich, and so great was the noise they made when knocking that the door was at last opened to them. It is possible that in the way of a lady there may be a prior difficulty which will bar the road to a similar success. The Returning Officer might feel some difficulty in receiving the nomination of a woman. In point of law it would seem electors might as well nominate HENRY VIII. or Cardinal WOLSEY as nominate Miss HELEN TAYLOR. A woman is not, like a male alien, a person who is disqualified; but, for electoral purposes, she is nonexistent. The point, however, is new; and will no doubt vex the mind of the unfortunate Returning Officer of Southwark. If Miss TAYLOR could be nominated and votes could be recorded for her, then the probable result would be that a tiny minority would have been found to have voted for her. Her supporters would have had the amusement of doing an odd thing, and there would be an end of the matter. That the majority of the voters of Southwark would rather return Miss TAYLOR than a man is beyond belief. But, if we allow our fancy to picture surprises, we may suppose that Miss TAYLOR was at the head of the poll, and ask what would happen. That she could not take her seat is, of course, incontestable; but would the fact that she had been returned produce any excitement? Would it be, like the Clare and the Greenwich elections, the beginning of a great change in public opinion and the disposition of Parliament? There is no reason to suppose it would be anything of the sort. The elections which Miss TAYLOR's supporters hope to imitate were merely symptoms of very important movements. Behind O'CONNELL there was the

mass of the Irish people. Behind Alderman SALOMONS there were not only the Jews, who in themselves were not quite powerless, but there was the Liberal party, which had made it one of its maxims that there should be no more disqualifications on the ground of religion. These elections did not force into prominence the crotchets of a few theorists. They gave a new battle-field for a long-standing struggle between adversaries who were very much in earnest and who could each bring great forces into play. The return of Miss TAYLOR would be merely a freak of one queerly disposed constituency.

That a small group of persons in a metropolitan borough should invent a little excitement for themselves by proposing to vote for a lady does not in any way make the admission of women into Parliament a practical question, nor make its expediency or inexpediency better worth arguing. But, if arguments are to be used on the subject at all, it may be worth while to point out that the real point of difference is often mistaken. Those who think that if women were allowed to sit in Parliament the sex generally would gain a victory highly beneficial to itself and to the world are often met with arguments which are not very tenable. It is absurd to say that there are not many Englishwomen to be found who possess enough intellect to sit in Parliament. It is perfectly possible to be a very respectable member of Parliament and to have a minimum of intellectual capacity. Nor is there any reason to suppose that women would fail to grasp any political question submitted to them; or to show sense, or tact, or courage in maintaining their opinions. It is quite a mistake, too, to think that women cannot speak in public, and that they are likely to break down from shyness or want of words, or to be greater bores than men. Some of the women, no doubt, who have recently forced themselves into a painful notoriety are unpleasant specimens of their sex, and have selected the most grotesquely indecent of subjects as the peculiar theme of their oratory. But many of the leaders of the working-men are violent and ignorant, and yet, in the few instances in which working-men have sent their leaders to Parliament, the selection has been a good one. The constituencies that would return women would be few. It does not at all follow that because women were eligible they would be elected. Roman Catholics are eligible for English and Scotch constituencies, but that a Roman Catholic should be returned by any of these constituencies is almost unknown. There are very few Jews in Parliament, and very few of the special representatives of the working-men. The probability is, therefore, that there would never be many women in Parliament, and that the few chosen would be creditable specimens, and would be competent to speak, to serve on Committees, to shout "Oh" and "Hear," to appeal to or transgress rules, to vote with their party or desert it, and to ask Ministers teasing and irrelevant questions just like men. On the same principle, too, on which women are allowed to form part of School Boards—namely, that they have a special knowledge of what teaching is wanted for girls—it might be said that women in Parliament would have a sphere of their own, and would be able to offer a valuable contribution towards the right determination of all questions that more particularly affect the lives and fortunes of women. If Parliament was nothing more than a kind of Board, the experience and the opinions of women might be advantageously brought to bear on the proceedings of the Board, and there is a probability, although of course there cannot be a certainty, that the women who would be in a position to submit to the Board what they had to say would be few in number and above, rather than below, the average of their sex in capacity, character, and attainments.

But then Parliament is not a Board, but the expression and embodiment of the national life; and what we want the national life to be, that we want Parliament to be. At present it is part of our national life that men shall govern and women shall obey, and the particular mode in which this rule is carried out is that women shall neither be, nor vote for, members of Parliament. Outside Parliament, or rather, to be quite accurate, outside the two Houses, we find it possible that the rule of national life should be preserved, and yet that women should occupy positions of great responsibility, power, and prominence. To begin with, our present sovereign is a Queen, and experience has shown us that under favourable circumstances a sovereign may be a Queen and yet be as good a sovereign as possible. But very few Englishmen would think

foreigners wise in having a Queen. No one, for example, except perhaps a Southwark elector, would dream of putting a woman at the head of "Liberated Bulgaria." Then, again, women in England not infrequently have the power and prominence of great wealth, and there is at least one English lady who controls a vast fortune and presides over an ancient financial establishment. Women, too, and among women a Duchess, sit on School Boards, and are ordinarily found to be among the most industrious and energetic members of the Boards to which they belong. But in all these ways women work in a manner which does not alter the national life; whereas, if they had to do with Parliament, which expresses this life, the character of the national life would be changed. In the first place, Parliament would be made ridiculous. This is a purely sentimental reason, and it may be said that the ridicule would be the ridicule of fools. But there can be no question that throughout the civilized world the prejudices of mankind are such that the English Parliament would lose in consideration if even one woman sat in it. Then, in any sphere so high and so public as Parliament, the attitude of men towards women must affect the manners of the nation, and manners in various ways "make the man." Unless the lady members were treated as equals, they would find their Parliamentary position a mere sham. If they were treated as equals, if they were abused and twitted, and reminded of this and that, and called to order, and even treated to a little cock-crowing as men are, the manners of the nation would rapidly deteriorate. The foundation of good manners, when self-respect is once assured, is that men should treat women and women men with a constant recognition of the difference of sex. But such considerations are trifles as compared with the main point to be decided one way or the other. The world has, in the opinion of those who have built up the present English Constitution, been so ordered that when things are at their best men govern with wisdom and women obey with wisdom. The supporters of Miss TAYLOR would of course say that this is a pure delusion, and that it is only because society has been hitherto more or less barbarous that the delusion has prevailed. To discuss this is unnecessary, when the point to be considered is not whether the fundamental rules of English society are wrong, but whether, if they exist, they must not prevail in Parliament, as the expression of the national life, with a rigidity and absolute-ness which can admit of no exception.

#### RAILWAY PROPERTY.

ALTHOUGH the Great Western and the Scotch Companies have not yet declared their dividend, the general results of railway working during the half-year are already known. On the whole, shareholders have been agreeably disappointed. The traffic receipts have, with two or three exceptions, been smaller than in the corresponding half-year of 1877; but the extraordinary cheapness of coal, producing a small reduction in the working expenses, has enabled the London and North-Western Company and the Midland to maintain their rate of dividend, while the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire returns a small increase, and even the North-Eastern dividend, as to which gloomy apprehensions had prevailed, is somewhat higher than the anticipated rate. The London and Brighton has nearly recovered the prosperity of former times. The South-Eastern, for some unexplained reason, has not profited by the increase of Continental traffic so largely as its rival and neighbour. The proprietors of the London, Chatham, and Dover have reason to congratulate themselves on the failure of the proposed fusion, which will certainly not be revived on the terms arranged a year ago. The districts traversed by the competing lines and passengers between London and the Continent may reasonably hope that the amalgamation, which could only be effected at their expense, will be postponed for the present. The Metropolitan District Railway has for the first time paid a fractional dividend on its ordinary stock; and the Metropolitan Railway is also becoming more prosperous. The completion of the Inner Circle, if it takes place, will largely increase the capability of both Companies to accommodate a traffic which is both enormous in amount and apparently susceptible of indefinite increase. The proposed junction with the East London, now under the control of the Chairman of the Metro-

opolitan, may possibly tend to break the continuous ill-luck which has attended the Thames Tunnel before and since its conversion to the purposes of a railway. The prospects of dividend in the Companies which have not yet made up their accounts can only be matter of conjecture. The Great Western Company, in the districts where it competes with the Midland Company, still suffers by the compulsory reduction of passenger fares, and the iron trade of Wales is still either stagnant or in some places finally extinct. The South Wales output of coal, which is larger than in more prosperous times, is almost wholly shipped at Cardiff and Newport; and consequently it supplies traffic only to local lines. The Caledonian and North British Companies must have suffered largely by the dulness of trade; and the North British Company has not yet had time to profit by the opening of the Tay Bridge, which gives it for the first time a direct route from Fife to Dundee and Aberdeen. An Act lately passed will enable the Company to proceed with the still more important undertaking of the Forth Bridge, which will, when it is completed, be one of the greatest triumphs of engineering science.

The Board of Trade has lately issued its annual Report for 1877 on the capital and expenditure of the railways of the United Kingdom. The arrangement and the fulness of the information conveyed leave nothing to be desired; and the Blue Book deserves the study of all who are theoretically or practically interested in railway investments. The official tables may serve to correct many blunders and misrepresentations which are familiar to readers of newspaper City articles. The impartial critic is often puzzled to distinguish between correspondents who are stupid or ignorant and those who are simply dishonest. There is no doubt that Railway Boards, like Directors of other Companies, are liable to error; but those who attack their administration are always liable to suspicion. When an assailant who professes to be a shareholder attempts to prove that the stock is quoted at too high a rate in the Share List, or that the Company disfigures its unsound condition by paying dividends out of capital, his statements may perhaps by chance be true, but there is a strong presumption that his motives are questionable. Men of business take care of their pockets more anxiously than they promulgate commercial doctrines. If the malcontent proprietor believes his own gloomy anticipations, he will sell his shares at a factitious price, instead of writing to a newspaper for the purpose of depreciating the value of his own property. An intending buyer is much more likely to try to prove that his purchase will be unprofitable. Where the accuser is not anonymous, it almost always appears that his stake is trifling. In one instance the holder of 50*l.* in a Company has spent several thousands of pounds in circulars and other documents purporting to prove that the undertaking is insolvent. Newspaper correspondents may perhaps not even have a nominal interest in the capital which they endeavour to depreciate. Speculations on the Stock Exchange probably account for the greater number of published criticisms on railway accounts; and it is unfortunately impossible to judge whether the remainder are published in good faith. Some comments evidently result from an incapacity to understand the rudimentary principles of joint-stock enterprise. One journal of great influence contended, with evident sincerity, for several years that railway extensions should in all cases be made at the expense of revenue. There are still well-meaning shareholders who from time to time protest at general meetings against any increase of capital account. It is, on the whole, well for railway proprietors that Directors have, with few exceptions, an entire control of the policy of Companies. As a rule, they wish to promote the interests of their constituents, although they may often be mistaken in the methods which they employ for the purpose. Dissident shareholders are sometimes emissaries of rival Companies.

The first page of the Board of Trade return contains an explanation of one of the peculiarities of railway expenditure which has often been misunderstood. In 1871 the average cost per mile of all the railways in the kingdom was 35,943*l.* In 1877 it had risen to 39,472*l.* The construction of new lines in the interval would probably have reduced the average, for many of them are comparatively inexpensive branches, and no metropolitan line or terminus, except the Great Eastern in Liverpool Street, has been made since 1870. The increase of 4,500*l.* per mile has been wholly caused by improvements of existing lines.

Vast sums have been judiciously, and in many instances necessarily, spent on the purchase of land in the outskirts of large towns, in the provision of additional station accommodation, and in sidings for the reception and marshalling of trains. Great benefits have been conferred on passengers, freighters, and the general community; and the Companies have not been sufferers. The wiseacres who raise a clamour for closing the capital account would, if the Boards had listened to their remonstrances, either have crippled the trade of the country, or have caused the formation of competing lines at a much greater expense, and to the permanent detriment of their own property. The early projectors of railways are not to be blamed for having failed to foresee the future magnitude of the traffic which they were about to create. It is now known that they would have saved much outlay by providing larger reserves of land, before their own enterprise had increased the value of adjacent property ten or twenty fold. Even if they had themselves been more provident, malcontent shareholders would have protested against expenditure of capital; and Parliament would perhaps have rejected their applications. A small deduction may be made from the nominal outlay for capital issued at a discount; and it must be remembered that all averages have a tendency to produce deception. A mile of single railway through a poor and level country may be made for 6,000*l.* A mile of urban railway may perhaps cost 250,000*l.*, and the calculation that the average cost of the two is 128,000*l.* is rather curious than useful. The cost of the gorgeous station at St. Pancras, and of the purchase of lands in which thirty streets were shut up, is in statistical tables diffused over the whole mileage of the Midland, and indeed over all the railway system of the United Kingdom.

The nominal capital of all the railways at the end of 1877 was 674,000,000*l.*, or nearly seven-eighths of the amount of the National Debt. The total receipts from railway working, apart from other sources of income, were 60,644,000*l.*, and the net earnings were 27,824,000*l.*, being nearly equal to the interest on the Debt, including the Sinking Fund. The ordinary stock, which is exclusively liable to considerable changes of value, is 268,041,000*l.*, or about 39 per cent. of the whole. Of late years Companies have almost always prudently raised new capital in the form either of loans or of preferred or guaranteed shares. Consequently the proportionate amount of open stock is constantly decreasing, to the ultimate advantage of the ordinary shareholders in all cases where the traffic is elastic. At present 190,000,000*l.* of ordinary capital receives dividends varying from 3 to 8 per cent. 41,500,000*l.* receives no dividend; but of this large amount a considerable proportion was issued to contractors at a mere fraction of the nominal value. Of the guaranteed and preferential capital, amounting to 237,000,000*l.*, 13,000,000*l.* received in 1877 no dividend. Both preferential and ordinary stock receive on an average between 4 and 5 per cent.; and it may be remarked that in this instance the average is not delusive, because the great bulk receives the average rate. The ordinary shareholders receive a somewhat higher average than the preference shareholders; and, if the trade of the country revives, every additional shilling of net earnings will give more than two shillings to the owners of open stock. At the present moment they would be in the receipt of ample dividends if the rate of working expenses in 1878 had been retained. In the last year they have had the advantage of cheap coal, and the smaller benefit of cheap iron; but they have no prospect of reducing the increased staff, the high rate of wages attained about 1873, or the heavy cost of the block system and of other precautionary arrangements. If, in spite of legal probability, a recent judgment of the Railway Commissioners is sustained by the High Court of Judicature, dealings in railway shares will become mere gambling transactions in the nature of bets on the caprice of three irresponsible persons. It is quite certain that Parliament never intended to give any tribunal the power to dispose arbitrarily of the whole property of the Railway Companies. What Parliament may have done in passing any Act is a mystery until the statute has been interpreted by the High Court.

## THE FRENCH SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE winter elections for the Senate are the one subject of avowed political interest in France. There is no doubt that they may prove to be of very great significance and importance. The electors who return the Electoral Colleges are ultimately the same men who return the deputies; but they are differently grouped, and a double process of indirect election has to go on before the Colleges are constituted. In these stages there are many opportunities for Conservative tendencies to show themselves, and the election of a Senator is associated in the mind of the peasant with the conduct of that local business which brings out the most Conservative side of his character. If, therefore, the retiring Senators are replaced by men of much the same political complexion the result will tell us little. It will only show that the average Frenchman has other things to think of besides politics. But if the new Senators are decidedly more Republican than their predecessors it will mean a good deal. We shall know that the determination to consolidate the Republic has become deeply rooted in that very class as to which it was long doubtful whether it had accepted the Republic as a matter of preference or a matter of acquiescence. Supposing that the elections go in this way, the Republicans will for the first time be in possession of a really effective majority. With the Senate as well as the Chamber of Deputies at their disposal, they will be able to control the President, or at all events to offer him the alternative of submission or resignation. With the President restricted to his constitutional function of registering the decrees of the Chambers, the last barrier to active legislation will be removed. The Republican majority will be able to pass what laws they like.

If we are to believe the Conservative papers, such a state of things will be tantamount to a political deluge. Not a single institution of the few yet left to France will escape the rush of the torrent. The army will become a revolutionary horde, the magistracy will represent nothing but the ignorance and the passion of the mob, the Church will be—not changed, indeed, for that is out of the power of these new barbarians—but subjected to degrading disabilities, and reduced to a paralysing poverty. It is not difficult to construct prophecies of this sort. A diligent study of extreme newspapers and violent pamphlets supplies the materials, and what can be shown to have been said by one Radical, is assumed to be thought by all. Predictions thus loosely put together may be left to fall to pieces of themselves; but there are indications that the possession of a majority in the Senate will give a new and decided character to the measures submitted to the Chambers by the Government. Probably this change will be preceded by some modifications in the Cabinet. M. DUFRAURE can hardly be regarded as more than a transition statesman—a Minister whose business has been to throw a bridge over the interval which separates personal from Republican Government, and whose work is done when that interval has been safely passed. While it was necessary to humour Marshal MACMAHON, M. DUFRAURE was a better Minister than a more pronounced Republican would have been; and how necessary it is to humour the MARSHAL, as long as the Senate remains Conservative, was shown by the melancholy example of M. JULES SIMON. But, when this necessity has passed, the French Liberals, even of the most moderate type, can scarcely be expected to put up so Conservative a leader. M. DUFRAURE's leading a Republican majority in both Chambers would be as though Lord PALMERSTON had essayed to lead the Parliament which was elected to support Mr. GLADSTONE. It must be remembered, in judging the action of the French Liberals, that they have virtually gone without what they consider necessary reforms down to the present moment. In all other countries victory and the fruits of victory go together, but in France victory has as yet only been possible on condition of consenting to forego the fruits of it. This is a very hard ordeal for a political party to have to undergo, and the French Liberals have, on the whole, submitted to it with remarkable self-control. The time of their probation, as they think, is now drawing to an end, and they may next year begin to make France in fact as well as in name a Democratic Republic. Whether the virtues which they have shown while action was impossible, or at all events exceedingly dangerous, will be

equally conspicuous when action becomes possible, and therefore as they hold obligatory, is the question which the next year or two will have to answer. The practice of so much patience and self-restraint must have left some permanent traces on the party, and the opportunism which has played a conspicuous part in the creation of a majority will scarcely be altogether discarded in the employment of it. But the constructive faculty of French Republicans is as yet untried, and it is impossible not to feel some uneasiness as to the results of its free exercise.

If French Conservatives were open to arguments founded on common sense, it might be worth while to point out to them that the line which they are at present taking is precisely calculated to precipitate the catastrophe which they profess to dread. The cry of the extreme Radicals is for what they call the purification of the army and the magistracy. In their mouths this demand may very easily become a demand for the application of the elective principle to both professions. There is a stage in democratic development when to elect your own judge and your own general seems the highest achievement of a virtuous citizen. In modern times the result as regards the judge has been to make him so corrupt that his very constituents at length grow weary of a privilege the exercise of which makes them envious of the happy lot of men who havé no judges, while as regards the army the necessities of actual warfare usually put aside the elected commander in favour of one appointed by some rougher but more effectual process. But so much mischief may be done during the trial of the experiment that there is nothing which a true Conservative ought to resist more strenuously than any proposal to introduce changes of this sort. The French Conservatives, however, have done the very thing which is most likely to favour such an attempt. A combination of well used opportunities had enabled them to fill the magistracy and the army with men who are at heart opposed to the existing order of things. The defence of the Republic and the administration of justice under the Republic have been entrusted to officials who are scarcely concealed Monarchs, who indeed have in some instances been actually associated with intrigues to restore the Monarchy. It is absurd to apply to a case of this sort the usual commonplaces about not introducing politics into the permanent service of the State. If the distinctions which divide French parties were merely such as divide Conservatives and Liberals in other countries, it would be highly undesirable to make a clean sweep of the Civil Service every time that one or the other obtained a majority in the Legislature. The example of the United States shows how mischievous the principle of dividing the spoils can become when it is applied on a large scale. But the differences which divide Republicans from anti-Republicans go deeper than this. In France today every one who does not call himself a Republican is really desiring if not meditating the overthrow of the Republic. He looks upon it as merely a makeshift, a tyranny which must soon be over-past. So long as these opinions are held by private people no harm need come of it. It takes a long time to convince the supporters of institutions which have passed away, that there is no chance of their being restored. By degrees the conviction finds a place in their minds, or in the minds of their children, but it has to struggle with a rooted inability to believe that what they supposed to be the natural and permanent order of things can really have disappeared. When, however, these opinions are held by men in office, they have opportunities of propagating them which it is highly inexpedient to permit them to use. The knowledge that the actual officials are opposed to the existing order of things creates a sense of insecurity in all who come in contact with them. If, it is argued, the Government felt itself secure, it would not keep these men in its employ. Their retention is a proof that the Republic is only a temporary and provisional expedient. In opposing and resenting as they have done the reasonable reconstitution of the public service, the French Conservatives have been playing into the hands of the party which wishes to introduce revolutionary changes in the whole system of administration.

## INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

IT may be impolitic to inquire what it is that has wrought so great a change in the minds both of Conservatives and Liberals on the question of Irish education. Why the Government should have thought fit to send a "message of peace" to Ireland in the shape of a gift of a million from the surplus of the Disestablished Church, and why the Liberals should abandon their usual attitude of opposition and bless the Ministerial enterprise, which, according to all precedent, they ought to have cursed, are mysteries which are not revealed to the common eye. There is a reason, no doubt, for the action of both parties. Conservatives who have hitherto been accustomed to regard denominational education in Ireland with almost as much dislike as they bear to undenominational education in England, and Liberals whose watchword has so long been "No concurrent endowment," would not have completely changed their part and purpose, except for some good cause, shown or suspected. We are content, however, to take the facts as they are without a too minute inquiry into the reasons for them. Anyhow, the change is a good one. No party is fit to take its turn at governing Ireland which has not learnt that, in matters where no principle is concerned, the thing to find out is not what is best in the abstract, but what is the best that the Irish can be induced to accept. Secular education may be a very fine thing in itself, though the majority of those who advocate its adoption in Ireland are the same men that have opposed its adoption in England; but a secular school without scholars is not a better thing than a denominational school with scholars. If it is plain that the people for whom we are legislating will send their children to a denominational school, while, rather than send them to a secular school, they will keep them at home, it is also plain that no one can consistently defend the establishment of new secular schools unless he is convinced that denominational education is worse than no education at all. That opinion has, till now, been constantly acted on as regards Ireland; but it may be doubted whether the results have been so satisfactory as to invite a continuance of such a policy. Irish boys have gone, in a great measure, without any education, except such as is to be had in elementary schools, because Englishmen have been determined that they should have neither intermediate schools nor Universities of a kind to which their parents would consent to send them. The result ought to have been that these boys, not being able to get a Roman Catholic education, immediately ceased to be Roman Catholics. Instead of this, they have only remained uneducated Roman Catholics. If that is a victory worth gaining, at the cost of alienating Irish feeling and creating a sense of bitter injustice, England may congratulate herself upon having won it. Happily she has begun, for whatever reason, to take a wiser view of the situation. Five years ago the Irish Intermediate Education Bill would have excited a strenuous resistance on the part of the Opposition, no matter which party had been in power. It argues a real advance in the path of toleration that such a measure should now have been spontaneously introduced by one party and enthusiastically welcomed by the other.

MR. LEWIS repeated on Tuesday the argument on which he chiefly relies for the defence of his proposal to make the Conscience Clause more stringent. There is nothing, he said, in the Bill, as it has been passed, to force school managers to take boys of a different religion from their own, and then he proceeded to frame a clause which should so fetter school managers at all times that they would no longer have any inducement to keep boys of a different religion out. The answer to this proposal has already been given. It is simply that it is not the business of the legislator to take care that in every school there shall be a certain proportion of children belonging to a different religion from that of the school. His business is to insure that no child belonging to a religion different from that of the managers who does attend the school shall be made a convert of. The State does not choose that its money should go to encourage proselytism. But the Conscience Clause proposed by Mr. LEWIS would have prevented a great deal more than this. It would have worried school managers in districts where there is not a single child who professes a different religion. It would have forced every school to make solemn preparation for children who might never come. All this was professedly done to prevent managers from refusing to admit

boys into their schools. But, as MR. LOWTHER pointed out, what possible motive can managers have for excluding boys? If they care to make converts, they must have sufficient raw material to work on. If they care to get money from the Government, they will naturally want to present as many children as possible to the examiner. The notion of a manager standing with a flaming sword, angel-wise, outside his school-gate in order to keep out children of a different creed from his own is too absurd to be entertained.

MR. NEWDEGATE made a last appeal in behalf of the people of England and Scotland, and the "crushed Protestants" of Ireland. It is of course impossible to argue with Mr. NEWDEGATE upon this question. He is not the least disturbed by the objection that English and Scotch Roman Catholics are compelled to contribute towards religions which they do not believe. Mr. NEWDEGATE is quite capable of replying that to object to endow Roman Catholicism is right, while to object to endow Protestantism is wrong. It is quite true that under the Intermediate Education Bill considerable sums will go to schools which are under the control of monastic and conventional orders—in other words, that they will go to schools in the managers of which the Roman Catholic parents have confidence. But it will be given them, not in their character of members of monastic and conventional orders, but in their character of managers of schools. It is to be supposed that, when the State pays for a definite result, it regards that result as worth the money given. In this case the payment is made in consideration of a boy passing an examination in certain subjects. The Government may be wrong in thinking this achievement worth paying for; but, so long as it does take this view of it, what possible difference can it make how the result has been obtained? The one result which it is the interest of Parliament to secure is the creation of the largest possible number of boys who have shown that they can come up to a certain standard in an examination. Provided that no grant is given except for a boy who does come up to this standard, what can it matter where the boys who do come up to it were educated? If Mr. NEWDEGATE wanted to encourage the manufacture of steam-ploughs, and offered a series of prizes to be competed for by the makers of such instruments, he would hardly make a stipulation that no prize should be given to a machine made in Birmingham. Yet this is precisely the thing that he wishes to do as regards Irish intermediate schools. He concedes that to get the largest possible number of boys able to pass a certain examination would in itself be an object worth legislating for; but then he adds, provided that they have not been enabled to pass the examination by means of monkish teaching. It does not seem to occur to Mr. NEWDEGATE that monkish teaching is a permanent element in Irish education, and that the only point which really remains to be settled by Parliament is whether this monkish teaching shall be directed to matters the knowledge of which Parliament thinks well to encourage, or shall be restricted to subjects of which Parliament knows nothing and for which it cares nothing. So long as payment goes by results the paymaster has an absolute power of declaring what subjects shall be taught. This power Mr. NEWDEGATE wishes to be withdrawn, and the teaching of the Irish nation left entirely—as regards choice of subjects—to the monastic and conventional bodies. Extremes meet, and the extreme Ultramontane and Mr. NEWDEGATE might make friends over the corpse of secondary education in Ireland.

## THE BISHOPRICS BILL AND THE POLITICAL DISSENTERS.

THE political aspects of the Bishoprics Bill have been quite changed by the obstinate and venomous resistance to which it has been subjected at the hands of a knot of political dissenters in the House of Commons, ranging from Mr. COWEN and Mr. RICHARD down to Mr. HOPWOOD and Mr. E. JENKINS. As the Bill came from the House of Lords, it was one of those useful social measures, like a Friendly Societies or a Cattle Plague Bill, which claim consideration apart from party strife. As it stands, it is the battle-field of that most advanced wing of Liberalists who shamelessly proclaim the policy, not only of disestablishing the Church, but of, as far as possible, crippling its spiritual resources in the act of disestablishment, in

order to leave it in its new career of voluntaryism least capable of grappling with their rival organizations. Mr. HUTCHINSON may snap, Mr. HOPWOOD sneer, and Mr. JENKINS snarl laboured expressions of simulated solicitude for the Church's future prosperity in a new condition of apostolic poverty; but neither they nor Mr. COWEN, with his far higher gifts of mind and manner, nor Mr. DILLWYN, with his good-humoured muddle, can place their case on any other footing. The condition of matters which has led to the Bishops' Bill, as well as to the previous Acts which have set up the sees of Truro and of St. Albans, not to mention the useful Truro Chapter Act which was quietly passed during the present Session, is the want felt throughout the Church of England, for spiritual reasons, of that episcopal organization which is the law of its existence. As the connexion of Church and State compels the co-operation of the State in any such development of the national Episcopate, these successive measures have been judiciously framed so as to give the Church what it wants without loosening, tightening, or in any way altering its established relations with the State. Twenty-six archbishops and bishops sat in the House of Lords, and twenty-six will continue to sit there, while the money for the endowment and equipment of the new sees is to come—as did that which set up the two very recently founded—out of the pockets of voluntary subscribers, including the bishops of the sees which are to be relieved, and who receive a well-guarded permission to transfer a portion of their actual incomes, on condition that by so doing they shall not leave their sees possessed of a residuary income less than the recognized minimum created under the reforms of the last generation. These and the other provisions of the Bill are interesting to Churchmen, who have the clear moral and legal right to be as wrongheaded over them as they like. Churchmen, however, with a unanimity only broken by Lord HOUGHTON in the Lords and Mr. DILLWYN in the Commons, are pleased to applaud the proposal as palpably useful and practical. Yet the measure has been dogged all through the Lower House by abnormally spiteful opposition, led by members who base their right of interference on the fact that they are not Churchmen, and who assign as their reason that the arrangements which it sanctions would, on the supposition of their achieving disestablishment, leave the Church in liquidation so much the better by those free-will offerings of its own members which the Bill facilitates, and would in the meantime enable it, in spite of its bondage of establishment, more efficiently to perform its work of saving souls. "Thou shalt not spend thine own money to save 'thy neighbour's soul," is the new commandment on which the law and the gospel of the Liberationists are now hanging. It was edifying to behold Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL as a Presbyterian, whose orthodoxy would have earned the approbation of KNOX, accepting prelacy at a figure not exceeding fifteen hundred a year, while the son of the Covenanters, Mr. JENKINS, who had in a backsliding moment declared for twenty-five hundred pounds, rallied to the more economical proposal of his statistical chief. A bishop at twenty-five farthings a year was, as he took no pains to conceal, an abomination in his eyes; but, the Bill being a dog, any stick was good enough to beat it with. Of course the question of the income which had best be assigned to the office of diocesan is one upon which Churchmen may most legitimately differ, with equal zeal and loyalty for their communion. Till the period of the veiled revolution with which Bishop BLOMFIELD was identified, each bishopric had its own income, and the differences of value were excessive. But Mrs. NICKLEBY herself could not have attributed patriotic motives to Mr. JENKINS's and Mr. HOPWOOD's interference with other people's affairs. The reason for the income—maximum and minimum—named in the Bill is logical and intelligible. The authors of the measure desire to give the Church a few more bishops, but otherwise to leave things generally as they found them, and so they have fixed on a necessary amount rather less than the actual minimum, but not so flagrantly so as to create two classes of prelacy.

The quibbling resistance shown to the permission contained in the Bill for a limited readjustment of episcopal income was so absolutely unreasonable and vexatious that we should have hardly done more than notice it if it had not been for the oddness of the defence adventured for it by Mr. CHILDERS, himself a supporter of the measure. He was hearty, not to say enthusiastic, in his admiration for

this provision, because, as he asserted, it established some new principle of freely dealing with incomes of a quasi public character. Our contestation is that it was a very commonplace instance of a process of practical *cypres* which has been for time out of mind legalized by many far more sweeping applications. The wholesale redistribution of the areas and incomes of all the sees some forty years ago, the overhauling of the Chapters, all the action which has been taken under the Endowed Schools Act, are only a few sample specimens. Mr. CHILDERS exults as a man might have done who fell asleep after swallowing a herd of camels and then woke to sing his own praises for not straining at a casual gnat. Mr. MONK's attempt to cure the anomalies of the *congé d'élire* by abolition, not reform, was snuffed out as it deserved to be; and, after all, it paled before two proposals of Mr. JENKINS, which, even as coming from him, made members rub their eyes from amazement rather than sleep. One was to set up as the motive power in forming a new diocese a plebiscite of all the "parishioners"—whatever that word might mean—within its limits. The other was less grotesque, but it was more impudent—namely, in the interests of the "liberation of religion" "from State patronage and control," to vest for the future what had been the episcopal patronage in the newly-formed dioceses in the Crown. Mr. JENKINS was well aware of his temporary immunity, as the necessity for passing the Bill with such an antagonist nagging at it kept tongues silent which would otherwise have insisted on trying conclusions with him. But the shamelessness of such a suggestion from such a source will not be forgotten if he should again indulge in the caprice of parading as the reformer of a Church which he abhors and abjures.

The lessons which we should desire to draw from this exhibition of Liberationist spite are such as the average Churchman may easily appreciate for himself, and we have too much value for our own time to attempt to hammer them into the professional Nonconformist agitators. But a word in season may not be thrown away upon the Church sentimentalists who thinks he would be the gainer by running from the grip of Lord PENZANCE into the embrace of Mr. JENKINS. We do not dwell upon the certain wreck of temporal advantages—very different from the Irish compromise—on which the holy bandits are determined, for our young friend is probably possessed with an ascetic and eremitic spirit. This new party of political dissenters, new even among the Liberationists, expresses no less hatred for the Church in its spiritual than in its temporal aspects. This animosity instigated Mr. JENKINS's recent raid upon what he set up as violations of the Prayer Book as interpreted in a Jenkinsian sense. Most certainly a disestablishment carried out with the help of him and of his confederates—without whose co-operation it never could be so much as attempted—would be so calculated and so manipulated as to leave the Church, to the utmost of their powers, as bare of its traditional organization, ritual, and doctrine as of its traditional revenues and dignity. An active, self-respecting, Church-like Free Church is the thing which they hate and fear next to an active, self-respecting, Church-like Establishment; and they will be sure to take their precautions to make a disestablished Church of England as unlike such an ideal as possible.

We feel that we have a special right to submit these considerations of common sense to the feeble folk who are votaries of the new enthusiasm, at the moment when the archimage of Ritualist dissent—Mr. MACKONOCHE—has been delivered from the tender mercies of Lord PENZANCE and the Judicial Committee by the direct intervention of that which, by its constitution, is pre-eminently the *regale* in action—the Queen's Bench itself. Even Mr. MACKONOCHE might, we should think, reach the conviction that he is likely to enjoy more true liberty for the performance of his ministerial duties according to his conscience within the carefully adjusted institutions of the Church of England than he is ever likely to obtain from the tumultuous legislation of a hasty, but extempore, caucus, in which, unless schism is to be heaped upon schism, Low Church and Broad Church will have the same right to sit as the most determined Ritualist.

## THE SESSION.

WHEN Parliament met on the 17th of January Turkey had already asked for an armistice, after having expressed through the English Government its willingness to come to terms with its successful adversary. At the beginning of the month Lord Carnarvon had made himself the spokesman of the Government, and had said that every one must have expected the fall of Plevna, and that nothing had occurred to alter the intentions or the position of the Ministry, which, on the one hand, had no existing cause of complaint, but would, on the other, claim a voice in any settlement that might be made; and, to mark his own views with emphasis, he stated that no one would be insane enough to wish to renew the policy of the Crimean war. For this, as was subsequently revealed, he incurred the severe censure of his chief. But he bore the rebuke, and when the Session began, the Government was loud in its assertions that affairs were being conducted by a Cabinet united in purpose and policy. The language of the Queen's Speech was, in fact, in harmony with Lord Carnarvon's main statement. Nothing, it was said, had already happened, but "some unforeseen occurrence might render it incumbent to take measures of precaution." In the debate on the Address Lord Salisbury bore witness to the earnest desire of the Czar for peace, and Sir Stafford Northcote gave it to be understood that there was for the moment no intention of asking for money. Lord Hartington quietly expressed his hope that nothing would lead to war; but the Duke of Argyll, in one of his burning speeches, went so far as to pronounce that the notion of making the Turks the guardians of Constantinople was altogether a mistake. This went far beyond the views of the leaders of either party; but it was obvious that there were two distinct currents of thought, which speedily led to a divergence of opinion, not only as between the Government and the Opposition, but in the Cabinet itself. On the one hand, it was said that, if we were neutral, we ought to be really neutral. The war must, if necessary, be fought out to the end; and the Russians had as much right to enter Constantinople as the Germans had to enter Paris. They could not keep Constantinople any more than the Germans could have kept Paris; but the entry of the capital of the enemy is, if it can be effected, a recognized sign and instrument of conquest. On the other hand, it was urged that, as we claimed a voice in the final settlement, we should never be able to speak effectively if Constantinople was in the hands of Russia. No doubt she would abandon her prize; but she would be able to ask any price she pleased as the price of this abandonment. Any measure on the part of England to which a warlike character could be imparted was thus susceptible of a twofold construction. It might be regarded as an unfair encouragement to the Turks, a precipitation of England into an unnecessary war in a bad cause, or it might be treated as a means of securing for England an advantageous position in future negotiations. There was much to be said on both sides; and perhaps it may be confessed that the former view was the more logical and the latter the more practical. But of two views so divergent one must prevail; and it was the prevalence of the latter that led to the reconstruction of the Cabinet and the collapse of the Opposition.

Exactly a week after the Chancellor of the Exchequer had intimated that no money would be asked for under the circumstances then existing, he announced that he would move for a Vote of Credit to enable England to make adequate preparations. The reasons for this change of purpose were that Russia was negotiating and would not let the terms of the negotiation be known, and that its forces were menacing Constantinople. Some pressure had been put on the Government two days before by a deputation of the more warlike of its supporters. But it cannot in fairness be said that the Government in any way succumbed to pressure. Its great difficulty was to determine what steps should be taken to secure for England a proper influence in future arrangements, and the majority of the Cabinet thought that merely to ask for money was not enough, and that the fleet ought to be in a position whence it could protect Constantinople. This, however, it might be disguised as a means of protecting the Christians of Constantinople, was, and was meant to be, a menace to Russia, and because it was such a menace, and therefore an infraction of neutrality and an encouragement to Turkey, Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon resigned on the 24th of January. The fleet, however, which had been ordered to proceed towards Constantinople had, in consequence of a mistake as to a telegram, been prevented from advancing, and Lord Derby was induced to remain in office. And not only did he at the end of the first week in February acquiesce in the despatch of the fleet to Constantinople, but Lord Hartington allowed that it might produce a good effect. The debate on the Vote of Credit was at no time a very animated one. The Government could not effectively explain why they asked for it, and the Opposition had no feeling of conviction that it really ought to be opposed. Suddenly on the fifth night of the debate the official Opposition abandoned the contest on the news, which proved to be false, being announced that the Russians were marching on Constantinople. Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster walked out of the House, and it was only a small minority, determined under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone to oppose the Government at every stage, that went to a division. This time the fleet had been sent without the Porte having signified its assent, and the Ministry justified the proceeding on the ground that the Porte was not a free agent, and that it was useless to ask from the vassal of Russia permission to oppose Russia. Thus it

may be said that, in view of the dangers which threatened the interests of England, Lord Derby and the leaders of the Opposition had joined the Ministry in thinking it advisable, or at least permissible, that a step should be taken which was at once a warning to Russia and a supersession of the authority of Turkey. In order, however, to make peace still possible, it was arranged between Russia and England that no English sailors should be landed, and, on the other hand, that Russia would not seize the lines of Gallipoli. So Europe waited, attention being meanwhile occupied by the prospect of a Congress to discuss the terms of peace when they should be settled, and the announcement being made that Lord Napier and Sir Garnet Wolseley would command if there should be an expedition to be commanded. But, except that England was making some preparations and that the Russians were holding positions which seriously threatened Constantinople, there was nothing to show what were the probabilities of the future. Until the terms imposed by the Russians were known every one had to wait, although many, as Lord Beaconsfield owned for himself, waited with much impatience; and it was not until the 3rd of March that peace was at last signed at San Stefano.

The month of March was occupied in discussing what was to be done with the Treaty of San Stefano. Its terms were not made known officially until the 21st, but enough of its contents leaked out to justify an apprehension that it placed Turkey completely under Russian domination. Sir Stafford Northcote announced that the Ministry knew enough to feel alarmed; but Lord Derby did his best to allay alarm, and said that if the Turkish fleet had ever been demanded as part of the spoils of war, he trusted the claim would be abandoned, and that, after the most diligent inquiries, he had failed to satisfy himself that there was any intention of driving the Mahomedan residents out of Bulgaria. Austria proposed a Congress, to which Lord Derby was quite willing to assent, and to which he said Lord Lyons would be sent to represent England; but he insisted that, before England entered the Congress, Russia should agree that the whole Treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to the consulting Powers. Russia would only go as far as to say that each Power would have the treaty communicated to it, and that any Power might raise any questions with regard to its provisions it might think proper, while Russia reserved the right of saying that in its opinion any question raised was not one that came within the scope of the Congress. Meanwhile the time of suspense was in some degree occupied by a debate in the Lords on the effect of the treaties of 1856 and 1871, in which the Duke of Argyll attempted to prove the strong proposition that these treaties recognized the right of constant interference in the affairs of Turkey. Lord Derby also announced that he would strongly support the claims of Greece, and would insist that Greece should be admitted to the Congress in some undetermined capacity, and this announcement was received with hearty satisfaction on both sides in the Commons. No opposition was made in Parliament to the demand of England for the submission of the whole treaty to the Congress, although Mr. Gladstone professed himself at a loss to comprehend what it was precisely that England was trying to get beyond what Russia would concede. At last it became evident that the negotiations for a Congress had thus far failed, and the Ministry considered that the time was come when the voice of England in the final settlement must be heard in some less peaceful manner than in a council of departments. Steps were taken, not exactly with a view to war, but to demonstrate that England was ready to go to war. As a beginning, the Reserves were called out; and then it was suddenly found at the end of March that Lord Derby had resigned. He had gone with his colleagues in insisting that the Congress should only meet if the whole treaty was submitted to it, and he was also willing that some steps towards a military demonstration should be made. But he was at issue with them on the question whether war should be really intended. He thought that, Congress or no Congress, England could afford to wait, and that in the end England would secure every object in which she was really interested. This was fair ground for difference of opinion, and on so vital a point, if Lord Derby thought his colleagues wrong, he was bound in honour to resign, and he would have been followed into retirement with much sympathy had he not, in explaining his reasons for quitting office, made two serious mistakes. He asserted that the Cabinet had some dark designs which he was not at liberty to reveal, and this was thought to be an unhandsome stab at his late associates. In the next place, he indulged in a violent attack on Austria, who he said was certain not to fight, and still more certain to be broken up if she did. This was at once to wound the feelings of Austria and to place a serious obstacle in the way of a Ministry which was striving above all things to get Austria to take a decided course, and to hold before the eyes of Russia the terrors of an armed coalition.

Lord Salisbury replaced Lord Derby, and had only been a few hours in office when he issued a vigorous and spirited Circular, in which he placed on record all the objections to the Treaty of San Stefano that any one arguing on behalf of England could devise. What would be the effect of this Circular on Russia, and what was its real nature, became the question of the hour. On the 8th of April a debate on the calling out of the Reserves began in both Houses, but there was little reality or life in the discussion, for Sir Stafford Northcote began by declaring that Lord Salisbury's Circular was meant not as an ultimatum but as an argument. It was the beginning of a discussion with Russia, and before the debate ended an answer from Prince Gortchakoff was published which was studiously con-

ciliatory, and was partly of the nature of a counter argument, and partly intended to let it be known that Russia, if a discussion was to be seriously begun, was ready to make considerable concessions and by no means regarded the Treaty of San Stefano as its last word. Again a small minority recorded its dissatisfaction with everything that the Government did or proposed; but the leaders of the Opposition were content to hope that the path towards the meeting of Congress was, as the Government contended, being made gradually smooth. Parliament broke up for the Easter Vacation, but scarcely had its doors been closed when the startling information was published that some thousands of Indian troops were on the point of being embarked for Malta. The policy of the step was little contested either in or out of Parliament. The movement of this handful of Indian troops was only a demonstration; but after the fleet had been sent into the Sea of Marmora, the Reserves called out, and active preparations made for the possible despatch of two army corps, no other demonstration that England was in earnest remained which could have produced anything like the same impression. But serious objection was taken to the secrecy which had been observed, and the want of confidence in Parliament that had been displayed. It certainly was unfortunate that the secret had been revealed immediately after Parliament had dispersed; but the Government explained that the time had not been chosen by itself, and that the disclosure came unexpectedly to the Cabinet. Lengthy debates also took place when Parliament reassembled on the point of constitutional law, whether the Crown could properly, without the consent of Parliament, move troops from India to Europe. It is always the duty of an Opposition to raise every tenable question as to constitutional law, and the case against the Ministry was stated by Lord Selborne with the highest degree of forensic ability. But here again there was a hollowness and want of reality about the debate, for no one doubted that in a time of war the Crown could move its Indian forces as it pleased, and there was only a nominal distinction between a time of war and a time so nearly like a time of war that the Reserves had been called out with the approval of Parliament. Nor was there any reasonable doubt that what Parliament approved the country also approved. A Ministerial triumph at Worcester had indeed been balanced by a Ministerial defeat at Tamworth, but the general tone of the constituencies was favourable to the Government, and as it earnestly and constantly protested that it was striving for peace, it was left to pursue peace in its own way.

What was the special mode in which it was working was for some time unknown. All that was known was that Count Schouvaloff was exerting himself in the cause of peace, and had been to St. Petersburg to consult the Czar. Suddenly, at the end of May, the secret was disclosed. England and Russia had been making a preliminary agreement, so that it should be precisely understood beforehand what England would object to and what it would not object to if a Congress met. The terms of the agreement were disclosed to a newspaper by the indiscretion or treachery of a person who had been employed by the Foreign Office to copy secret documents of the highest importance at the modest rate of tenpence an hour. When questioned in Parliament as to the accuracy of the statement given in the newspaper, Lord Salisbury at first used expressions which were misunderstood to mean that the statement was something very like a hoax. But it subsequently appeared that this was not what was meant, and it became recognized that England and Russia had practically settled between themselves what was to be the result of a Congress; and no astonishment was felt when early in June it was announced that Germany had issued invitations to a Congress, and that these invitations had been unanimously accepted. The Government, however, protested that its policy as a whole must not be judged by the agreement with Russia; and an indication of what was meant was given by the fact that the journals in the confidence of the Government were all at once inspired with a conviction of the necessity of something very strong being done in Asia Minor. It was announced that not only the Foreign Secretary, but the Premier, intended to be present at the Congress, and when asked whether there was any precedent for this, the Ministry simply replied that there was none, but that it was going to create one. The proceedings of the Congress were watched with keen interest in England, but as far as Turkey in Europe was concerned the Congress was only debating about a foregone conclusion; for England and Russia had practically settled everything beforehand, except such minor questions as to whether Turkey should or could have something like a real military frontier in the Balkans, and how much was to be done for Greece; both parties being quite willing that Austria should end its long hesitation, and occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina by what is termed the mandate of Europe. The proceedings of the Congress had nearly ended when the English Government delivered its counterblast, and announced that it had concluded a separate agreement with Turkey by which Cyprus was handed over to England, and England undertook, if Turkey would reform its methods of government in Asia, to protect its Asiatic provinces against any further aggression on the part of Russia. No Power objected to the arrangement, and Russia professed, and perhaps sincerely, to feel no dissatisfaction at an order of things which in time of peace would keep her Mahometan neighbours quiet, and in time of war would engage the military strength of England in regions where Russia might hope to fight at a considerable advantage. The arrangement was, however, in some measure a defiance of Russia and a challenge to her, and this made it popular in England. The Plenipotentiaries returned crowned with success; and when they asserted that they

had brought back "peace with honour" they were readily believed. The Opposition, indeed, formally disputed the value of the result attained. Scarcely any objection could indeed be made on that side of the House to what had been done for Turkey in Europe, and no one could say that Russia had not been allowed to reap very substantial fruits from her military successes. But it was arguable that less had been done for Greece than England had led Greeks to expect; and the objections to the guarantees of the vast, remote, and wild provinces of Asiatic Turkey were so serious as to deserve the strictest consideration. The speaking on the side of the Opposition was on this occasion unusually good, and the speakers meant what they said, and had a real ground of difference to separate them from the Ministry. But an overwhelming majority ratified the course taken by the Ministry, and the Government was entitled to say that the decision of Parliament was only an echo of the decision of the country, which was heartily glad to see peace assured, and felt that at any rate the dangers of the treaty with Turkey belong to the future, while its glories belong to the present.

When the settlement of Berlin had closed the long history of previous schemes, differences, and negotiations, Lord Derby thought that the time had come when his lips need no longer be sealed, and he might reveal the dark designs of his colleagues, which had been the real reason of his resignation. He informed the Peers that the Cabinet had come to a resolution to start an expedition from India, and at the same time to seize on Cyprus in defiance alike of Turkey and Russia. Lord Salisbury met the statement with a flat denial, and gave assurances on behalf of the other members of the Cabinet that no such scheme had ever been resolved on. Lord Derby replied that he had made at the time a memorandum of what occurred, and could not be mistaken. This was one of the most curious incidents of the Session; for it was extraordinary that Lord Derby, who was one of the leading members of the Cabinet, should have been under so complete a delusion as to what took place at a meeting which he attended. It may be conjectured that some scheme of the sort had been incidentally suggested, but never adopted. Even if the proposal had been made, a Cabinet ought not to be held answerable for a scheme it did not adopt; and Lord Derby acted with much less than his usual caution in basing his resignation on a mere suggestion that something of which he disapproved should be done. Frank discussion even of wild suggestions is a necessary part of the business of a Cabinet, and that discussion under such circumstances should be frank, it must be considered entirely private. Ministerial combination would be impossible if what passed in a confidential circle was liable to be made known by any member of the circle that chose to quit it. Lord Derby, therefore, did much more harm to himself than to his late colleagues by what would in any case have been an unfair proceeding. Unfortunately Lord Salisbury in contradicting Lord Derby, hit with misplaced ingenuity on what seemed to him an historical parallel, and compared the revelations of Lord Derby to the revelations of Titus Oates. This suggested, though the language scarcely warranted the suggestion, that Lord Derby was to be compared with a thoroughly odious historical person, and such a comparison was enough to shock those who heard and those who read it. During a Session so agitated, and bristling with questions so momentous, it was inevitable that some manifestations of excited feeling should be made. Mr. Gladstone more especially appeared to be possessed with something like a monomania in regard to Lord Beaconsfield, and abandoned alike common sense and the courtesy due to a political adversary of equal eminence with himself in his wild denunciation of the perversity with which one man was dragging his country into the abyss of an unjust war. But that Mr. Gladstone should be carried away by his feelings was nothing new, while it was with genuine surprise and general regret that the country learned that in the moment of his success Lord Beaconsfield had thrown aside the courtesy and moderation which have distinguished him since his power was established, and had hurled a piece of rude and pointless vituperation at the head of his rival. Mr. Gladstone, for the most part, exhibited his characteristic vehemence outside the House. In it he often spoke with unexpected moderation, and, in point of oratorical power, his speech on the Treaty of Berlin was considered masterpiece by the hearers of both parties.

In the Commons the Ministry has been altogether overmatched in debate by the Opposition, but Sir Stafford Northcote has never failed to put the proceedings of the Ministry in the most pleasant manner possible. The resignation of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby, and the acceptance of peerages by Sir C. Adderley and Mr. Hardy, necessitated some changes in the Ministry. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was made Colonial Secretary, and was succeeded in his own office by Mr. Lowther, who has enjoyed the opportunity of making some very trenchant statements on Irish affairs. Colonel Stanley took the War Office, and Mr. Hardy, as Lord Cranbrook, replaced Lord Salisbury in the Government of India. Lord Sandon joined the Cabinet, and the door of promotion was deservedly opened to Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Staahope. With the exception of Mr. Hussey Vivian, it cannot be said that any new promise of unexpected excellence has been shown on either side. Mr. Plunkett, one of the most rising speakers of the Conservatives, disappointed his friends in his speech on the treaty; and the main oratorical strength of the Ministry remains in the Lords, where the cautious management of Lord Granville seldom gives it an opportunity of showing its full strength.

Domestic legislation has been almost at a standstill. The Government, in redemption of its pledges, brought in a Bill for

recasting the administration of counties; but the measure was coldly received on all hands and was quietly abandoned. It has, however, managed to pass a Highway Bill and the Territorial Jurisdiction Bill, and to consolidate the Factory Acts. It has also carried a Cattle Plague Bill, but had to make large concessions in the Commons to the opposition of borough members on both sides, whose constituents were afraid of a rise in the price of meat; and it had throughout to contend with the difficulty that the farmers, to please whom the Bill was proposed, were quite willing to inconvenience other people, but strongly objected to being too much inconvenienced themselves. The most successful measure of the year was that by which a million sterling out of the Irish Church surplus was, with the general assent of Irish members and of both political parties, devoted to the furtherance of intermediate education in Ireland by giving, without reference to creed, prizes for knowledge and teaching. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Government had once more in readiness its favourite Bankruptcy Bill, of which nothing more was heard than that it existed. In a speech of unusual breadth of view and vigour of exposition the Attorney-General introduced a Bill for Consolidating the Criminal Law after a pattern devised with great skill, boldness, and acumen by Sir James Stephen; but as it was impossible that such a subject should be adequately discussed in Parliament without a preliminary discussion by experts having shown in what direction criticism could be profitably applied, the measure is to be rigorously examined during the recess by a Commission consisting of Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Lush, and Sir James Stephen himself. Lord Cranbrook, before quitting the War Office, had an opportunity, when moving the Army Estimates, of showing the success which had attended his energetic administration of military affairs; and Mr. Smith was able to point with legitimate pride to the condition of the navy, the power of which was being manifested in the face of Europe. By adding twopence to the Income-tax and also increasing the tobacco duties and rearranging the Dog-tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer provided for a portion of the cost of the preparations for war which the Government had thought itself obliged to make, and the remainder is to be spread over a period of from two to three years by the issue of Exchequer Bonds; a process severely criticized by Mr. Gladstone on the principle, in itself sound, that each year ought to bear its own burdens, but naturally and pardonably violated by the Government from the wish not to make the constituencies discontented with the policy of the Ministry by having to pay at once the large bill which this policy has involved. As usual, the Indian Budget was brought on at the fag-end of the Session, when there is no possibility of effectually criticizing it, its salient feature being the establishment of a fund to provide for future famine and for some extension of public works by means of an increase of the local cesses and the imposition of a licence on trades and the equalization of the Salt duties. This is in itself a great boon to India, but unfortunately involves an increase of the duty in those parts of the country which have felt most severely the recent failure of crops. The unanimous opinion of all the best military authorities that the army cannot safely be reduced in India has outweighed the theoretical argument that, if India can spare troops for Malta, it must be paying for more than are really wanted. One measure of the Indian Government—the unhappy Press Bill—has, however, provoked the criticism and virtual censure of the House of Commons. But the sting of the criticism had already been removed by the wise interposition of Lord Cranbrook, who struck out altogether the proposed institution of a censorship, and gave it to be understood that the Act must be so worked as to exempt the native press from anything like petty persecution. In more ways than one Lord Cranbrook thus did his party a considerable service, as a tyrannical Press Act in India might easily have helped to swell the cry that the Ministry leaned towards an abuse of the prerogative. It is quite true that they have done many things without the previous approval of Parliament; but it is also true that they could not have done them at all if they had declared to Parliament, and through Parliament to the world, what they were going to do; and Parliament has subsequently ratified with enthusiasm what they did without asking whether they might do it.

The intended marriage of the Duke of Connaught made it necessary that Parliament should be asked to vote him the usual increase of allowance, and it seemed scarcely possible that any opposition should be made to what precedents have established to be a matter of course. But Mr. Plimsoll had taken it into his head that the secrecy with which the Government had conducted some of its negotiations had set Parliament free to refuse any grant to the Royal Family; and not only Sir Stafford Northcote, but Mr. Gladstone, had to explain the bargain made with the Crown on the Queen's accession. The Government also undertook to guide to its end Lord Beauchamp's Bill for increasing the Episcopate; and it entered into a curious compact to give facilities for the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which, after much opposition, principally from Irish members, has been suffered to become law on condition that it shall not operate in the parts of Ireland where there is the most drunkenness, and that it shall only be in force for four years. Ireland has managed to have at least its fair share of the time of Parliament. An amendment was moved to the Address by which the House of Commons was asked to declare that nothing could go on well until due attention had been paid to the wishes of the Irish people; and Mr. Sullivan went so far as to hint that the Ministry could

not afford to go to war with the fear of Irish disloyalty hanging over them. Sir Stafford Northcote replied that he did not in the least believe in this disloyalty, and that the Cabinet was entirely unaffected by any fear of its existence. Towards the end of the Session Mr. Butt, who meanwhile had finally renounced the leadership of his refractory band, made a warm declaration of his profound interest in the honour and welfare of England, and a large portion of the Home Rulers supported the Ministry. There were very personal, and very unfairly personal, discussions as to such Irish matters as the sentiments of Judge Keogh in regard to St. Patrick's Day and the murder of Lord Leitrim; and the House was justly scandalized at Mr. O'Donnell's calumnious attack on the memory of the murdered man. Something like obstruction was occasionally hazarded by the old obstructives, and Major O'Gorman went so far that an ancient mystery was at length cleared up, and the world learnt what would happen if a member was named. But an ample apology expiated his offence, and it cannot be said that public business has been often wantonly interrupted. The difficulty with which the Government has now to contend is not so much that any particular dispute is pushed to extravagance, but that everything is disputed, and a Select Committee has been sitting for months to consider the obstacles to the expediting of public business without any result but the suggestion of two insignificant changes. The only two measures in regard to which something like an effective opposition to the Government is made have once more been proposed, and while a majority of more than fifty disposed of Mr. Trevelyan's proposal to lower the county franchise, it was only by the slender majority of fifteen that Mr. Osborne Morgan's proposal to allow Dissenters to be buried with the rites of their own sects in churchyards was rejected. Bills to give unmarried women a right to vote, and to alter the law of intestacy in regard to land, were summarily disposed of. A better fate awaited a measure for allowing habitual drunkards to allow themselves to be locked up; but Mr. Herschell's Bill for doing away with actions for breach of promise of marriage never reached the stage of serious discussion. Private members have had their fair share of time and attention, and opportunities have been found for discussing subjects so different as the constitution of the municipality of London, the state of agricultural children, Mr. Hare's electoral device for protecting minorities, the utility of the punishment of death, the teaching of elementary science in Board Schools, and the jurisdiction of County Courts. But for more than desultory discussion of such subjects time has been wanting. The examination of the Estimates, and the consideration of the few and comparatively unimportant measures proposed by the Government, have taken up such small amount of leisure and interest as could be found among the overwhelming anxieties of foreign affairs and the issues of peace or war. Another Session almost barren of legislation has been added to the many barren Sessions of the present Parliament, and if it is to do anything great in this way it must wait for one more year—if indeed its career is already not at an end, and it has no more Sessions to await or to improve.

#### SOME POINTS IN MISS AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

**L**ORD MACAULAY, in one of his essays, enlarges on the almost endless diversity of character that is to be met with in Miss Austen's novels. "She has given us," he says, "a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom—Mr. Edward Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edmund Bertram, and Mr. Elton." True to nature though these four persons doubtless are, yet we should at the present day most certainly be greatly surprised to meet at least three of them, if not in any parsonage, at least in any novel. We do not go so far as to say that there are no such men still to be found in the Church as Mr. Ferrars, Mr. Tilney, and Mr. Bertram, but we are quite sure that if Miss Austen were writing now, they would not be found in her pages. Mr. Elton, the man of a vulgar and insolent mind who marries a still more vulgar and insolent wife, unhappily still exists. The form that such vulgarity as his now takes is no doubt somewhat different, but yet the change is not really great. It is in the good clergymen, the heroes of the story, that the difference is to be found. The future historian will perhaps use Miss Austen's stories and those of the novelists of the present day to give life to the chapter in which he will describe the revolution—for a revolution it may justly be called—through which the Church of England during this century has passed. Miss Austen was a sincere member of the Church. She was brought up in a parsonage. Her father was a country rector, and two of her brothers became clergymen. It is clear that she was fond of the country parson; for though her Mr. Collins is an utter fool and Mr. Elton a man of coarse mind, yet no less than three of the heroes of her six novels take their brides home to a country rectory. It is clear that both in Henry Tilney and Edmund Bertram she wished to describe not indeed a saint, but a good man and a good clergyman. We can, however, easily imagine some contentious Dissenter of her time who should have read her stories, using them as the means of making an attack on the Church. Here, as he might very justly have said, we have the lives of two priests described with great minuteness by a writer to whom the Church was dear, and yet it is by no means

easy for the reader to keep in his memory that they are priests. They are constantly absent from their livings, and in their everyday life and their everyday talk there is nothing, or next to nothing, to mark their solemn calling. Such a charge certainly could not be made against the parson heroes of our time. Miss Yonge's clergymen, for instance, are so completely priests that they are scarcely men. But it is no less true that Miss Austen's heroes are so completely country gentlemen that they are scarcely priests. The heroine in *Northanger Abbey* does not herself discover for some while that Mr. Tilney is in orders. They meet at the Assembly Rooms in Bath and dance together. There was nothing in his dress that showed the order to which he belonged. As one of the characters in *Mansfield Park* says of Edmund Bertram, "Mrs. Fraser (no bad judge) declares she knows but three men in town who have so good a person, height, and air; and I must confess, when he dined here the other day, there were none to compare with him. Luckily there is no distinction of dress nowadays to tell tales." It was not only by the sameness of dress, but by the sameness of manners and of mode of life that the distinction was hidden. Mr. Tilney, for instance, was, at all events till his marriage at the end of the story, for the most part a non-resident rector. On one occasion he announces that he must leave his father's house, and go to his parish the next Monday to attend the parish meeting. It never seems to enter into his head, or into that of the author, that, if he had to be there on Monday, his duty might have required him to be there for Sunday also. As it turns out, he does indeed set off on Saturday, but that was only because his father had announced his intention of visiting him in his parsonage in the following week; and the old gentleman, whenever he paid a visit, expected that the most elaborate preparations should be made by the housekeeper and cook to welcome him. Henry was, indeed, absent a second Sunday when the interests of the story required that he should not be with the heroine at the time when a great trial came upon her. His absence is explained by the fact that "the engagements of his curate at Woodston obliged him to leave them on Saturday for a couple of nights." When his father suddenly demanded without any justification that he should break off his engagement with the heroine, "his anger," we read, "though it must shock, could not intimidate Henry, who was sustained in his purpose by a conviction of its justice. He felt himself bound as much in honour as in affection to Miss Morland." He felt himself bound, that is to say, as a gentleman. There is no such reference as we should expect to find in any novel of our time, to any additional obligation that lay upon him as a priest.

In *Mansfield Park* we have drawn the life of a young clergyman from the time before he went to the University to the day when he settles down with his bride in his rectory. In the course of the story a young lady gives with great liveliness, and perhaps with only too much truthfulness, a picture of the Church dignitary of her time. "A clergyman," she says, "has nothing to do but to be slovenly and selfish, read the newspaper, watch the weather, and quarrel with his wife. His curate does all the work, and the business of his own life is to dine." Edmund Bertram most certainly does not belong to this class of parsons. He is a man of good principles and of unselfish temperament. He takes orders entirely in accordance with his own inclinations, though he admits, and evidently with the approbation of the author, that he has been biased in his choice of a profession by the knowledge that a good living awaited him. He intends to reside, and not merely to "do the duty of his living—that is, read prayers and preach, without giving up *Mansfield Park*; ride over every Sunday to a house nominally inhabited and go through divine service, and be the clergyman of Thornton Lacey every seventh day for three or four hours." On the contrary, he is clearly meant to be a model young priest. He was, as we read in Miss Austen's Life, almost her greatest favourite among the characters that she had drawn. Yet how widely does he differ from the clergyman as he would be now drawn by a religious woman. There is not one word said either about his ordination or about the feelings with which he looked forward to that rite. The night before he left his home for Peterborough, where he was to be ordained, he passed in dancing at a ball. The next morning he mounted his horse and bade his friends good-bye for a week. There is not one line, not even a single word, given to that talk which in a novel we should now look for in a young man under similar circumstances, to whatever party in the Church he might belong. He sets off to be ordained just as if he were setting off to eat his dinners at the Temple. On his return not a word is said about his ordination, nor is the Bishop so much as mentioned. Neither are we told about the first service that he reads or the first sermon that he preaches. He does not in any way use his new position to influence the heroine's mind, though he had always been her chief adviser. In fact, he is in every respect just what he was before he was ordained—that is to say, a modest and well-principled young English gentleman.

As for Mr. Edward Ferrars, the first of the four clergymen mentioned by Lord Macaulay, we paused for a while as we read the passage to try to call back to our memory the fact that he was in orders. He is as much removed from any peculiar order of men as even Henry Tilney. It is true that he is not ordained till towards the end of the story, but in the narrative his ordination is made a matter of as little importance as that of Edmund Bertram. Each of these three young rectors was a good man, and no doubt a good clergyman. Nevertheless, as a clergyman at all events, he belongs, if we may trust the present writers

of fictions, to a race that has passed away. We have still drawn by Mr. Trollope and other writers much the same kind of character as Dr. Grant, the Rector of Mansfield, who lost his temper for the whole evening through a disappointment about a green goose, and who rejoiced to have a friend staying in the house because it was an excuse for drinking claret every day. But it is the model young clergyman who has entirely changed. Readers nowadays would not be satisfied with a young hero parson, however amiable, however kindly, however well bred he might be, who did not constantly remind the heroine that he was a priest, and who did not at least once run some great risk by visiting hotels in which fever, if not cholera, was raging.

There are one or two other points of difference between Miss Austen's novels and those of our time, on which we must content ourselves with merely touching. What a change we feel has come both over heroines and authors in less than seventy years, when we find, in *Sense and Sensibility*, Marianne, the sentimental girl, who is not yet seventeen, setting up as her idols Thomson, Cowper, and Scott! "She would buy them," we are told, "all over and over again; she would buy up every copy I believe, to prevent their falling into unworthy hands." If Miss Austen were to write now, it would be Elinor, the girl of sense, and not Marianne, the girl of sensibility, who would be described as reading, if not Scott, at all events Thomson and Cowper. In fact what greater proof could a young lady of the present day give of a mind that was utterly free from even the suspicion of sensibility, and that was entirely governed by sense, than by reading Cowper? We wonder, seeing that this novel was published so late as the year 1811, that it was not Wordsworth and Coleridge that Marianne read. Were she to be living now, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning could scarcely satisfy her. For the "aesthetic" school of poetry she would be, if she were as Miss Austen drew her, too pure-minded. She was at the very beginning of the contest that has since raged so fiercely between the natural and the artificial schools. "She would have every book that tells her how to admire an old twisted tree"; while Edward Ferrars owned that, though he liked a fine prospect, he did not like it on picturesque principles. "I am not fond," he said, "of nettles, or thistles, or heath-blossoms." How much it amazes us to find heath-blossoms in such strange company! Nettles and thistles may take courage. Perhaps they too will have their day. In Miss Austen's description of scenery there is a moderation that is strikingly in contrast with the custom of the present day. She was just as keenly alive to the beauties of nature as any of our novelists; but she could enjoy them without thinking it needful to weary her readers with a description as minute as if it were drawn up by an auctioneer. With a few touches she describes nature not as it looked, but as it affected those who saw it. Southey has, in two lines, done this with admirable effect in his ballad of the "Inchcape Rock":—

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whist, it made him sing.

All the "glints" and "glimmers" and "sheen," the "tender" lights and "shimmerings" cannot equal such a touch as this. Miss Austen knew that almost the worst use to which scenery can be put is to describe it.

In the names of her heroines and heroines we also see that we are separated from her by no narrow space. There is not a romantic name among them. "I wish," said an old admiral, "young ladies had not such a number of fine Christian names. I should never be out if they were all Sophys, or something of that sort." It was nothing more romantic than the name of Louisa which had caused this outcry on the admiral's part. Anne, Fanny, Elizabeth, Jane, Emma, Catherine, and Marianne, who are among her heroines, might possibly now pass muster as the heroine's confidants "in white linen"; but, even in that position, there would be almost too strong a contrast with the Ethels and Gwendolines who are so dear to us. Nor are the names of her gentlemen the least more romantic. Their Christian names, however, are of small importance, for it is by the surname that they are always addressed. It must give almost a chill to the romantic young reader of the present day when she finds a girl addressing her lover as Morland or Bingley. Perhaps, however, as Mr. Morland had been christened James and Mr. Bingley Charles—names which, as every one must admit, are utterly unfit for all the purposes of love—the use of the surname may be in these instances excused. But who can forgive a heroine, a sentimental heroine too, who, in addressing a lady of her acquaintance, says "Ma'am"? We have, we conceive, brought forward more than enough instances to convince those of our readers who can boast of their sex and their youth how old-fashioned and how unsuitable to their advanced tastes are Miss Austen's novels.

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

BY those who were well acquainted with the present state of science in England and the status and character of its leaders, the address of the President of the British Association on the present occasion must have been looked forward to with more than usual eagerness. For the President elect holds a well-nigh unique position among our men of science, due perhaps less to the valuable special work which he has done in more than one department of Mathematics and Physical Science (although his claims in this

respect would alone have sufficed to win for him the honour of the Presidential chair) than to the remarkable influence which his thoroughly philosophical and scientific mind, the universality of his interests, and his energy and force of character have exercised over the progress of science amongst us for many years past. And his merits in these respects have not in any wise lacked recognition. A member of almost every scientific and mathematical Society of sufficient note to make it an honour to belong to it, holding some important office in the more distinguished ones, with a fame as great in foreign countries as in his own land, and covered with honorary titles bestowed upon him by Universities anxious to recognize his distinguished scientific merit, he has long been marked out as a man whom science delighted to honour, and it excited no wonderment when it was announced a few months ago that, on the retirement of Sir J. Hooker, Mr. Spottiswoode would be chosen to succeed him in the highest scientific position in the United Kingdom—that of President of the Royal Society. And while such antecedents as these more than sufficed to ensure that the present President would by no means fall below the standard of his illustrious predecessors in the office, there were other reasons why his address should be one particularly interesting to his audience. Though some of our specialists in science stand as the very foremost among the intellectual masters of the age, yet there is a danger, which has not unfrequently been found to be more than chimerical, that a specialist should either address himself too exclusively to those who follow the same special subject as himself, or, on the other hand, should, in his anxiety to avoid such an error, rush into the opposite extreme and deliver an address in which every trace of individuality had been carefully obliterated. But Mr. Spottiswoode is primarily a man of wide knowledge and deeply philosophic cast of thought, and only in a secondary sense a specialist; and thus, while the force and independence of his character ensured the originality of the address, his other mental qualities were such as to make it certain that it would not be of so special a nature as to be interesting only to those who were gifted with the same special form of scientific knowledge.

As befitted an official of the Association of many years' standing, the first topic of the address was the position and work of the Association itself. It has by this time outlived the sneers which were plentifully bestowed upon it during the earlier years of its career, so that there was no need of a formal apology for the existence of the British Association; but those who would learn what such a Society can do, and is doing, should consider well the account Mr. Spottiswoode gives of its operations and his views of its legitimate functions. In his eyes it is, primarily, a kind of junior Royal Society, which, by the ease with which an entrance can be gained into it, the extremely wide comprehensiveness of its various sections, and the admission of less ambitious and less erudite papers than those which are usually presented to the more special and older scientific Societies, forms a kind of recruiting ground for them. And this, no doubt, is its primary and most useful function. Whatever be the laws of heredity as applied to intellectual development, it is clear that the causes at work in so complex a cosmos as a civilized nation do not so operate as to lead to a segregation of all the intellects of high scientific calibre in any one class of the community. A glance over a list of the foremost scientific men of the day will suffice to show that it is well-nigh an even chance whether a scientific man is the child of a peer or a ploughman. And so long as this is the case—and there is no reason to suppose that there is any tendency in modern civilization to a change in this respect—so long will it be of the highest importance that Societies should exist which, while in their strict scientific spirit they in no way fall short of the highest standard, are yet open to earlier and more immature efforts on the part of those who have a strong scientific bent, and are less strictly localized than is necessarily the case with the special scientific societies of our capitals. If the annals of the Society were carefully looked into, there would already be found a goodly assembly of names which, though now widely renowned, first became known in the scientific world through their connexion with the British Association; and not a few of the best recruits that science has recently made originally became acquainted with the leaders of science and caught their enthusiasm at meetings like the one now being held at Dublin. But, however useful such an institution might be, it would after all be a somewhat inglorious function for a great Society to do this and no more; nor indeed would it be possible for it to do such work as we have been describing in a manner at all satisfactory, if such work were otherwise than merely incidental to its more serious labours. It would be of no avail to get up a kind of annual scientific camp-meeting; in order to exercise any valuable influence upon the members of the Society, it is absolutely necessary that the scientific work done by the Society should be of the most serious and important kind. No playing at science ever benefited anybody. And Mr. Spottiswoode fully and effectually defends the Association from the charge of playing at science. He shows that, year after year, through its agency careful observations of many most important phenomena are continuously made and tabulated, so as to give the would-be discoverer in the future that which he will most need—i.e. a large mass of carefully-recorded observations, reaching over a long period of time. And, further, there is the still more characteristic and not less important work of bringing out Reports on the present state of various branches of science. In no way has the British Association more strikingly shown its sympathy with the real wants of the scientific community and its readiness and power to remedy them than in instituting these Reports. Through-

out the whole of the civilized globe investigators on every branch of science are scattered indiscriminately. The results of their labours are published now in one journal, now in another, so that it is well-nigh impossible for the student of any special branch of science to make himself master of all that has already been accomplished in his branch, so as to start fully equipped on his further investigations, and avoid a sad waste of time and energy in rediscovering what is already known. All this is remedied by the Reports of which we are speaking. Each Report gives a *résumé* of the progress and present state of the branch of science to which it relates; and the student, after reading it, knows exactly what discoveries have been made, and where fresh investigations should begin. Nor is this the only way in which the British Association (unlike almost every other scientific Society) shows that it does not consider it beneath its dignity to be useful. Without dwelling on the valuable practical work in various departments which its Committees have done in the past, it is well known to those who have worked at the problems connected with scientific and mathematical education that the British Association is the only scientific body which is willing to assist them in their difficulties, to use its organization and the might of its name to further any advance, and to conquer the enormous obstacles which a bigoted attachment to old traditions places in the way of any improvement of our educational methods.

Leaving the more prosaic theme of the function and work of the Association itself, Mr. Spottiswoode turns to the main subject of his address. Representing more especially a certain very recondite branch of abstract mathematics, and judiciously preferring to speak rather of his own special subject and the thought kindred to it, than to cull the material of his discourse from other fields of research and to be a mere reporter of scientific progress, he has boldly undertaken the task of championing the claim of mathematics to the first place among the sciences, and of showing that the abstruse methods and apparently inconsistent conceptions which it employs, and which of late have received unexampled development and have attracted much popular curiosity, are not eccentricities which isolate it from the thought of our everyday life and justify us in viewing it as a thing separate and apart from ordinary intellectual processes, but are merely the most perfect examples of methods and conceptions which crowd literature, art, and every other domain of intellectual effort. To say that impossible quantities or the quaint contradictions which meet us when we get into the world of the non-Euclidean geometer (where two straight lines can enclose a space, and where figures alter their shape and size on being moved about) are only instances of familiar everyday modes of thought seems to be indeed paradoxical. But the key to the whole mystery is contained in the very definition of mathematics. The science of mathematics is the science that deals with the quantitative. Now as all precise laws must necessarily be quantitative, and as, in fact, precision and quantitative statement are (so far at least as science is concerned) nearly synonymous, it comes to be the case that, with the progress of every branch of science and the increase of the precision with which its laws and phenomena are stated, there is a continual advance towards a mathematical phase which is only fully reached when the subject has attained the state of being fully known—in other words, when that department of science is fully worked out. But because the mathematical phase is only then fully reached, we are not justified in viewing the other states of the subject as non-mathematical. Every step towards precision renders the subject more mathematical—or, to put it in another form, the subject is mathematical just where and to the extent that it is precise. It is not the symbols that make mathematics. They are merely the garb in which for convenience it dresses itself, its essence is the preciseness of which they are usually the token, but which may exist without them. No doubt the difficulty of attaining to this precision in the complex phenomena of the actual world has led men to take refuge in a kind of ideal world, where they regard nothing but quantity, in which no laws are considered but those that arise from the simplest of all ideas—namely, that of the recurrence of matter exactly similar in all respects; and that it is in a world thus rendered the simplest of all possible universes that mathematics has found its paths most easy, and has achieved its greatest triumphs. But from the days of Newton at least mankind has been learning that all the other properties of bodies are as precise as those which we look upon as dependent on quantity. And whether we shall ultimately find it convenient to express all qualities by means of numerical determinations, and deduce all consequences of such properties by means of numerical calculation, or whether we shall pass by more direct processes from the cause to the effect, does not affect the fact that when we have accomplished the task the subject will be in a completely mathematical phase whatever may be the form of the results obtained. Nor does the mode in which the results have been obtained affect the question in any way. It may be that some genius has grasped and formulated the fundamental laws which govern the phenomena; it may be that we have only followed that strange blind-leading-the-blind guidance that statistics afford; still the result, if precise, is of necessity mathematical. Thus mathematics underlies all that is best and most accurate in every department of thought. To quote Mr. Spottiswoode's own words:—"Every subject, therefore, whether in its usual acceptation, scientific or otherwise, may have a mathematical aspect; as soon, in fact, as it becomes a matter of strict measurement or of numerical statement so soon does it enter

upon a mathematical phase. This phase may, or may not, be a prelude to another in which the laws of the subject are expressed in algebraical formulæ or represented by geometrical figures. But the real gist of the business does not always lie in the mode of expression; and the fascination of the formulæ or other mathematical paraphernalia may, after all, be little more than that of a theatrical transformation scene."

We would gladly follow Mr. Spottiswoode through the parts of his very eloquent discourse in which, under such a plea as we have stated, he claims for mathematics a large share in the triumphs of the most glorious days of art, and in which he points out how the supremely scientific tendency of the present age is expressed and indicated by the way in which accurate measurement is being applied to every branch of knowledge from the theory of articulate speech to the molecular constitution of bodies. But all this is subordinate to the main theme of the discourse—the demonstration that in its most reconcileable methods and conceptions mathematics is still neither more nor less than a collection of perfected forms of ordinary thought. And here the address is almost too successful. For while the proof is triumphant when applied to the use of imaginary quantities which have shown themselves to be not only a legitimate form of mathematical conception, but both directly and indirectly have rendered greater service to mathematics and physics than any other generalization, the proof becomes less and less satisfactory as he dwells on matters as to which mathematicians themselves are divided in opinion, and which only hold their place in the science by a very insecure tenure. Admitting that non-Euclidean geometry, if rightly understood, is at once a legitimate and instructive generalization of our conceptions of space—nay, that it is more than probable that it will be found to lead up to the simplest method of studying the properties of fields of magnetic and electric force where we can best picture the phenomena by viewing space as itself affected in some strange way by the influences at work—can as much be said for the doctrine of manifold space? The conception of a space which has other dimensions than length, breadth, and thickness is one which is repugnant, not only to all notions of the non-mathematical world, but is viewed with an almost equal hostility by many mathematicians. And when we turn to Mr. Spottiswoode's defence of it, we find, as we might have expected, that he can only justify it by considerations which appeal to mathematicians alone, and that his attempt to find parallels to it in ordinary thought is unsatisfactory. It is true that he palliates the absurdity of the generalization by an ingenious presentation of various systems of manifoldness which are both legitimate and useful; and he seeks to draw therefrom the conclusion that manifoldness in geometrical reasoning is of so frequent occurrence, and that it is so important that we should be able to face the difficulties arising from it, that there is no reason why we should not exercise ourselves in it by practising the extension of theorems in geometry to imaginary spaces of many dimensions. But, stripped of ingenious illustration, does this argument come to much more than saying that it is a useful exercise to pass from formulæ involving three quantities to kindred formulæ involving more than three? This we are ready to concede, and we will also admit that, as a piece of mental gymnastics, it may not be unwholesome to call into play quasi-geometrical ideas in order to enable us to guess quickly the results which we should obtain by analytical methods. But we have seen no successful attempt to establish for manifold space any higher claim to our esteem.

Far otherwise is it with the use of imaginary quantities. In one of the half-scientific and half-mad forecasts of Edgar Allan Poe, he represents a philosopher some time about A.D. 2000 speaking with pity of the centuries down to and including the nineteenth, as being in the state of mediæval darkness in which it was believed that there were only two processes of arriving at truth—namely, induction and deduction. By that time they have added a third, called intuition. Without giving to such nonsense any more credit than it merits as an imaginative effort, we cannot help feeling that such a name would seem to the uninited the best appellation of the new methods which, based on a thorough study of the laws which govern mathematical analogy, enable the mathematician to state at once, and as it were intuitively, the consequences that will follow from a state of things that seems to be so totally different from any previously considered by him, that the mind can scarcely believe in any connexion or relation between them. This power of grasping the results of identity of law amidst total dissimilarity of subject-matter reaches far beyond the cases in which there is reason to believe that there is any concealed kinship underlying the apparent dissimilarity. No one thinks that gravity is a fluid, yet from the results of problems in hydrodynamics we can enunciate theorems relating to the attraction of matter. We can even go further than this. We can use the same process with equal certainty in cases where the principal characteristics in the one case and those by which we were mainly enabled to arrive at our conclusions have actually no existence and no analogies in the other. To revert to our previous example, it seems utter nonsense to apply the word incompressible in any way whatever to the effect of gravity. Yet theorems depending upon the incompressibility of fluid would not the less have their precise analogues in attractions. It is this ineffaceability of the characteristics of the shaping effect of any fundamental laws, this indestructible identity of effect, however dissimilar the subject-matter on which it operates, that at once leads to and justifies the fiction of impossible or imaginary quantities. We have said that it is not necessary that analogues to all the component parts of one phenomenon

should actually exist in its kindred one; but the mind finds it useful, nay even necessary, to create them. To do so it must accept the impossibility, the unreality, that must necessarily characterize these analogues, since by our hypothesis they are non-existent. But this is a burden that the mind lightly bears. To it they are real because they play a real part in real operations, and play it with just the same certainty that their more fortunate existent brethren do. And the very mark of Cain on their brow has its own use. Not only does it teach the mind that it is still in the operative stage, and that its purpose is not yet accomplished, but it recalls to it that it is following out some deeper underlying truth for the sake of expressing and applying which it is well worth while to sacrifice the appearance of truth and reality in the means by which it so expresses and applies it. Well might Mr. Spottiswoode call to his aid, as instances of like processes in art and literature, the unreal forms and the contradictory and paradoxical expressions in which the great artists and writers of all ages have conveyed their deepest thoughts. The parallel was a perfectly just one. The identity of law throughout the world around us has been felt and hinted at by every great mind, whether in literature or art, in every telling simile and in every great picture, and this not the less in cases where the simile seemed grotesque and the picture out of drawing. Those mathematicians who would forbid us to use any processes involving imaginary quantities, and who tell us that it is a self-evident fact that the first essential of every process must be that we can explain and justify the meaning of every quantity referred to therein, are fit companions for the art-critics who would tell us that the pictures of many of the great masters are destitute of artistic truth because, forsooth, they deliberately violated laws of accurate drawing. The apparent defects in the means may lead to the more perfect attainment of the end; and those who will not learn this lesson in any department of thought will limp wearily after the world in its advance, never consenting to learn new truths until the freshness and glory of their first discovery has faded from them. Any such who may have been present on Wednesday last at the delivery of the Presidential address must, however, have learnt one thing from the earnest eloquence of the President—namely, that, whatever the squeamishness that smaller minds may feel as to the admissibility of such processes, they are to be found permeating the whole domain of human thought in its highest development, whether it has to do with the perfect and precise forms which mathematics alone knows, or with the broken hints which are all that our imperfect knowledge can glean of so many of the mysteries of the world around us.

#### THE NAVAL REVIEW.

**T**HE review at Spithead was remarkable from the very fact which at first sight seems to render it comparatively insignificant. It represented a comparatively weak section of the English navy. Of broadside ironclads only one, the *Hercules*, belongs to a late type, and that certainly is not the latest. The other ships of this kind which were at the review are far, very far, inferior in offensive and defensive strength to some which this country now possesses. Thus the *Warrior* was launched as long ago as 1860, the *Resistance* was first afloat in 1862, the *Hector* in 1862, the *Penelope* in 1863; while the *Lord Warden* belongs to the old class of wooden vessels with armour-plating. Amongst the turreted ships there were, it is true, the *Thunderer* and the *Belleisle* to represent nearly the latest views in the one case of the Admiralty designers, and in the other of non-official naval architects, as to what is now the most powerful type of a man-of-war; but the other turreted ships were of the second class, and some of them could hardly be considered as showing what is now best even in the second class. But, if the review was calculated to give no idea of the fighting power of the English navy, and was therefore in one respect not remarkable, how very striking a spectacle does it become when it is looked at from the opposite point of view, and when it is remembered that the ships at Spithead were far from representing the strongest portion of the Queen's fleet! The real Channel Fleet is at present in the Mediterranean, and the most powerful vessels which our dockyards can now produce were therefore absent on Tuesday; yet the Admiralty were able to marshal at Spithead for the review by the Queen twenty-six ships, carrying altogether 219 guns. Of these vessels a large proportion were armour-plated, and the guns carried ranged up to the enormous size which is indicated by a weight of thirty-eight tons. It has been estimated that the total displacement of the men-of-war at the review amounted to nearly one hundred thousand tons. If this was the fleet which at a comparatively short notice England could muster to defend her shores at the time when the squadron which, under ordinary circumstances, cruises in the Channel had been sent to the Mediterranean, it may be said, without any undue national arrogance, that the present state of the navy would probably in the event of war give this country a predominance at sea equal to what she has enjoyed at any period of her history.

If, however, the aspect of the fleet at Spithead was, in one respect, decidedly comforting to Englishmen, there was to those who have any acquaintance with the history of the navy during the last twenty-five years a warning not to be neglected in the sight of the men-of-war at anchor. It is now nearly twenty-two years since the great naval review after the end of the Crimean war was

held in the same waters. Twenty-two years after all is no very long period, yet the ships which then saluted the Royal Standard had scarcely anything in common with many of those which the Queen steamed past on Tuesday. It is true that the *Warrior* does outwardly resemble the fifty-gun frigates of other days, perhaps the most beautiful vessels that ever floated on the sea; but the other broadside ironclads are entirely different either from the line-of-battle ships or the frigates which were present at the review of 1856. As for the turret-ships, the *Thunderer*, a first class man-of-war of the present day, is as utterly unlike the *Duke of Wellington* or the *Royal George* as if it had been brought from another planet. It is not merely by reference, however, to the review of 1856 that the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the construction of men-of-war may be observed. There was also the review of 1867, given in honour of the Sultan. The broadside ships which figured in this were, it is true, equal to those of Tuesday last, which, as we have said, are far surpassed by broadside vessels of the latest type; but there is an immense difference between the principal turret-ship which appeared in the Sultan's review and the *Thunderer*, and it is to turret-ships that naval architects now pay most attention. If, then, such an absolute change in the type of men-of-war has been wrought in twenty-two years, and so great an alteration in eleven years, how little hope is there that a period of repose has been reached, and how clear is it that further great changes are likely to be necessary, and that the most unceasing vigilance will be required to see the necessity for them as it arises! That the expenditure over which economists groan is not the least likely to diminish is also unpleasantly evident, and those who were present at the review on Tuesday, and who had some knowledge of the vessels which figured in the two previous reviews, may not improbably have come to the conclusion that in future a larger, possibly even an increasing, expenditure may prove to be not only wise, but absolutely essential.

What the next great change in the construction of men-of-war will be is the question naturally suggested by the review of Tuesday. There have, it is true, been already some improvements on the type of the most advanced vessel which appeared in it, but these alterations have not been of a radical nature, and the *Thunderer* may be taken as representing in the main the present ideas of naval architects as to fighting ships of the most powerful kind. What will succeed her and the vessels that resemble her? One of these likely to be soon fit for service carries heavier guns, and is protected by thicker armour; but in the latter respect she probably represents the final limit. Assuming even that armour and guns are not likely for the present to change much, there is a danger for men-of-war the greatness of which is becoming every day more apparent, and against which armoured sides are of no avail. Will it be found absolutely impracticable to devise any kind of protection from torpedoes? It is true that torpedo-nets have long been in use, but no very great confidence seems to be felt in their efficiency. Perhaps the problem may turn out to be insoluble, and it may be found that in this case the power of attack is greatly and unchangeably in excess of that of defence; but it does not seem absolutely impossible, considering the wonderful ingenuity and inventive skill which are now brought to bear on these matters, that some means of protecting ships against torpedoes may be found. Should any such happy discovery be made, however, it is highly probable that it will be found impossible to utilize it without further great changes in the construction of men-of-war. Against another great danger which threatens ships in action, to which the sinking of the *Großer Kurfürst* has recently drawn much attention, it is not the least likely that any means of defence will be found. The most sanguine naval architect can hardly hope to build a ship which will remain long afloat after receiving a ram from an iron-clad's stem. It is satisfactory to think that, despite one unhappy occurrence, English men-of-war probably run less risk from these attacks than those of any other nation. Skilful handling and prompt judgment can alone save vessels from being rammed in action, and in knowledge of how to manoeuvre their ships, and in presence of mind under difficult circumstances, English naval officers are still probably far superior to those of other countries.

If the fleet which the Queen reviewed at Spithead had been called on to engage in actual warfare—and there was a time not long ago when war seemed not improbable—there is little doubt that it would have been found that, vastly as the form of men-of-war has changed, the officers and seamen in them are in all essentials exactly similar to their predecessors of some seventy years ago.

#### GERMAN GYMNASTICS.

THE German Gymnastic Societies have been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, who was the father of them all. Before Jahn's time the youth of a disunited and uneducated Germany seem to have practised few athletic sports except steady drinking. We are not going to deny that drinking is the pastime of heroes, as many mythologists aver, and as our ancestors believed. The Bursch who could see his comrades under the table and then enliven the morning hours with his praises of *Amaryllis* was probably a stout fellow enough and an unpleasant customer in a skirmish. Even before Jahn, too, the members of the *Landsmannschaften* were

accomplished duellists. If they were fencers they could not have neglected, as Jahn thought, the education of the body. It is true that there are more graceful forms of fencing than that favoured by the German student. One thinks of the *escrimeur* as lithe and elegant, a light young figure, stripped to shirt and hose, a body exquisitely balanced, an *Athos*, in short, or an *Aramia*. Even if he is a bulky man, the fencer may have the fire and rapid movements of Porthos in fiction, and Cyrano de Bergerac in history. The German fencer is notoriously the reverse of a graceful figure. He is swathed in pillows till he looks more or less like a warrior in a diving dress. Jahn saw all this; he regretted and tried to reform the manners of contemporary students.

F. L. Jahn was born near Wittenberg in 1778. We are indebted for a sketch of his life to a little work by a Dr. Schaible called an *Essay on the Systematic Training of the Body*. This book contains a little history, a little biography, a good deal of didactic writing, and scarcely any practical information about gymnastics. About Jahn, however, Dr. Schaible (himself a "laureate in the National Gymnastic Festival at Heilbronn, 1846") has a good deal to say. When Jahn was a student at Halle, Germany was beginning to feel the influence of the European ferment. Every one almost was tired of the old ways, and many young men looked about for seasonable novelties. There was suicide in the air, there was the gloom of *Werther*, there was science, there were original views about Homer, Liberty, German Unity, and kindred topics. Jahn's idea was at least a practical one. He declared that men drank and duelled too much, and took too little of other and, as he thought, more wholesome exercise. The result was that the drinking and fighting clubs, the *Landsmannschaften*, persecuted this prophet. To adopt the erroneous and indeed unmeaning language of the undergraduate who was requested to describe the conduct of Obadiah, "he hid himself by fifties in a cave." Dr. Schaible says, "for the sake of safety, he lived for some time in a cave, in the vicinity of Giebichenstein, from which abode he used to go forth to attend the lectures at the University." We are almost tempted to fancy—if we were believers in "the higher criticism," as practised in Germany, we should be quite sure—that this story of the cave is a myth. One need not be a Strauss to point out how the myth would grow. There are always plenty of floating legends in the air about great men who have lived in caves. Some mythologists would attribute the origin of these legends to the fact that the sun appears (to the mythological eye) to go into a cave when he sets. The historical school will aver that men have actually lived in caves; but all will agree that, the idea of cave-dwellers once afloat, any great and impressive person may come to have the legend that he was a cave-dweller attached to him. Examples are so common that we need only cite Grettir the Strong, Robinson Crusoe, and the Forty Thieves. Very well; here on the one side you have Jahn, the popular founder of a sect, in want of a legend, and, on the other, a cave near Giebichenstein which happens to have no legendary lodger for the moment. The cave was to let, so to speak; and the mythopoetic fancy of enthusiastic gymnasts, excited by their habit of "turning" over and over, and hanging head downwards, determined that Jahn lived in the cave. There is no other explanation worth attention. If Jahn left his bed of flint and came to lecture, the other men could have bullied him in the streets and quadrangles. To live in a cave was merely to tempt the arrogant and light-hearted students to come out after dark and "draw" him by torchlight—a great diversion, and one suited to their youth and sex.

Jahn took his degree, and in 1800 devoted himself to writing a work on "The Promotion of Patriotism in the German Empire." Make men strong, he said, in effect, and they will make themselves free. Not intellect alone, but intellect backed by muscle was what Germany needed. No one could be a soldier in the necessary and glorious war who neglected his body, and read all night, like Wolf, with his feet in cold water to keep him awake. Jahn was a man of action as well as of thought. He founded the Bursenschaft to take the place of the drinking clubs. For his Bursenschaft he chose the colours of I Zingari—black, red, and gold—a noble combination, the German tricolor, as red, green, and white form the tricolor of Italy. The present Empire, with less taste, has selected black, white, and red for the national colour. Jahn lived through the decay of the old Empire and the Napoleonic wars without losing heart or hope. In 1811 he opened the famous gymnasium in Berlin, and his emissaries in every direction preached the need of patriotic gymnastics. He himself took up arms, and was one of the army that entered Paris with the Allies. A man who had done so much for freedom and Germany could not escape the revenge of the reinstated sovereigns of his country. For many years he was "interned," and was refused permission to teach in schools or universities. He died in 1852, leaving to the nation a system of physical training which has certainly produced soldiers whose powers of endurance on the march and in the field are beyond all praise.

Do we need the German system of gymnastics in England? Dr. Schaible has printed a very scanty history of physical training, which seems to us to prove, if it proves anything, that several classes of the English population can do very well without systematic *Turnkunst*. He says the Jews "paid but little attention to exercises for the body." If this were true, it would prove that the nation which possesses the most inexhaustible vitality is that which has taken the least trouble about training. Certain passages in the Bible, for example, in which we hear of fencing and tourna-

ments that might turn to deadly earnest, prove that strong men did among the Hebrews delight to run their race. It could scarcely be otherwise among a people who won and held their lands by the sword. Jewish boxers were favourably known in the annals of the British Ring. As to the Egyptians, we fancy that people who know most about them will be most surprised to hear that "it has been asserted that bodily exercises, like music, were not practised among the Egyptians." In Homer, of course, we find athletic sports well developed—running, boxing, hurling the spear, and so on—but our point is that athletic sports are one thing, and the systematic wriggling of the modern Gymnasium quite another thing. We have known undergraduates vexed by a problem like that which exercised the minds of Mr. Hannibal Chollop, "whether the ancient Spartans came up to the present loco-foco ticket." These inquirers complained that they could get no trustworthy information about Greek times and distances. What was the weight of the stone Odysseus put so far in Phaeacia? Alas, the answer has passed beyond conjecture! What was the Corebus's "time" when he landed himself a winner at the first Olympic sports? Could any Hellenic athlete jump as far as Skarpedin in *Burnt Njal* (some twenty-three feet), or Professor Wilson, or Mr. Tosswell? Dr. Schäble cannot help us here. He does not even say that the wide-jumpers held dumb-bells in their hands, to give impetus and weight to the spring—very unlikely story, though some Germans believe in the advantage of weight-carrying. What sort of race was that in which all the runners swung their arms over their heads and shouted as they ran? They may be seen figured on a vase in the British Museum, and Mr. Mahaffy has founded on the design a somewhat unfavourable opinion of Greek running men. On the other hand, a neighbouring vase shows us a group of four or five starting for the quarter-of-a-mile race, if one can judge from their action and apparent speed. "The flag fell to an excellent start," the youths are all well together, and all running in admirable style. The men who shout and wave their hands must, therefore, it is fair to assume, have been taking part in some peculiar contest, of which the nature is no longer known to us. As to the boy who "caught hares at full speed," and the other who "defeated a horse," the first is probably a myth; in the latter case the lad must have had a long start, or the course must have been a short one, in which a point had to be constantly turned, or perhaps the horseman leaped hurdles, while the pedestrian ran on the flat. Plenty of these curious handicaps are made up, every year, by sporting undergraduates. Running was valued by the Greeks, among other reasons, because it "secured a means of safety in many dangers." The Greeks certainly were not ashamed of running away when it was clearly of no use to stand their ground. From Dr. Schäble's own showing, the Greeks boxed, wrestled, ran, jumped, pitched the weight, played various games of ball (he says tennis), and "ducks and drakes." We do not know, however, that they were fond of parallel bars, of ropes with pendant iron rings, of ladders, and all the other furniture of the modern gymnasium. They were, in short, athletes rather than gymnasts. Gymnastics have a monotonous method, a lack of the intrinsic interest of football, tennis, rowing, cricket, fives, golf, and so on, which has prevented them from being popular in England, a country of many sports. Consider the life of a schoolboy or undergraduate. Which of his muscles is left unexercised by "hare and hounds," by the usual foot-races, by bowling, batting, and fielding, by back and forward play at football, by fives, by rifle-shooting, by swimming, when he is at school; by riding to hounds or the humbler exercise of the bicycle when he is at home? He scarcely needs bars and poles and so forth. The ordinary lad, with natural equipment of muscles, finds most of the training he needs in the ordinary sports. For persons who have no time to give to cricket, football, golf, or rowing, gymnastics offer a cheap compendium of exercise. They are the tinned meats of the muscular, as primers are the tinned meats of the intellectual life. But Englishmen, like the Greeks, prefer the varied and picturesque contests which are waged in the open air to all the skill and sawdust of *Turnkunst*. Our exercises, our physical education, are matters of amusement rather than of discipline. People who cannot afford to pass the whole day in the open air, and who have to fritter away their time in study or commerce, would find gymnastics very useful, if they could take the trouble to wriggle about on poles and ropes.

#### CARDINAL FRANCHI AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

THE new Cardinal Secretary of State has publicly announced his intention of carrying out the policy of his predecessor, which was of course a matter of critical importance in view of the delicate negotiations in which the Holy See is at present engaged with the German and other foreign Governments, apparently with fair hope of a satisfactory issue. But there is something more in common between Cardinal Franchi and Cardinal Nina than agreement in their line of policy. Both may be said to represent that peculiar type of ecclesiastico-political career which is a specialty of the Court rather than of the Church of Rome, and is sometimes found in combination with moral qualities not exactly befitting the wearer of a soutane, whether purple, red, or black. A good deal was said at the time about Cardinal Franchi's chances of election to the Papacy, and he was credited with having generously waived them in favour of his friend Cardinal Pecci. But in fact

there was never any real prospect of his being elected. To say nothing of higher motives, it is perfectly well understood at Rome in the present day that to choose a Pope whose moral character is at all questionable would be not only a crime but a blunder, and a very fatal one. And without attaching too much importance to the current gossip of Rome, which is apt to be both reckless and implacable, there can be no doubt that Cardinal Franchi's private life would not bear too minute a scrutiny. He was however a man of considerable ability, and, like many of the Roman diplomatist ecclesiastics, had risen by his talents from a humble position, his father being a notary. As a youth he attracted the notice of Lambruschini, the Minister of Gregory XVI., who became his patron, and in 1852 Pius IX. made him a Monsignore. In the following year he was entrusted with an important mission at Madrid, where he remained three years, and became a great favourite of Queen Isabella's. His successful discharge of his delicate duties in Spain was rewarded with the appointment of Internuncio to the Court of Tuscany and the dignity of an Archibishopric. On his return from Florence he became Foreign Secretary, and in 1868 was again sent to Spain, this time in the capacity of Nuncio, but he was soon recalled to assist in the preparations for the coming Vatican Council. In 1873 he was made a Cardinal, and the year after succeeded Cardinal Barnabo as Prefect of the Propaganda—an office which he retained till a few months ago, when Leo XIII. made him Secretary of State, in order to begin a new and more conciliatory line of policy in dealing with both the Italian and foreign Governments. Some years ago Cardinal Franchi visited England, travelling incognito, and he is said to have greatly exercised his hosts in this country by his somewhat uneccllesiastical tastes and habits, as he had exercised Cardinal Consolini by his luxurious arrangement of apartments at the Propaganda. His influence was perhaps as much due to diplomatic tact and grace of manner as to purely intellectual power. Like Antonelli, he was a thorough man of the world; but his range of sympathies, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the range of what he considered to fall within the sphere of permissible and practical politics, was wider. His gifts and disposition were just of the kind needed for giving successful effect to the ideas of the present Pope, and it may not be easy completely to supply the loss.

There is reason however to believe that in Cardinal Nina, who was an intimate friend and associate of the late Secretary of State, Leo XIII. has found a not unfitting successor for that important post. They were associated in the preparations for the Vatican Council, and more recently in arranging the negotiations still in progress between Mgr. Masella and Prince Bismarck, for which the former appears to anticipate a prosperous issue. But in their antecedents and temperament there is a considerable difference between the two men. Franchi for the last quarter of a century has been prominently before the world, and nobody was taken by surprise at his attaining not long ago the highest political office open to him. The name of Nina will be familiar to comparatively few. His influence is said to have been long felt in the Curia, and to have had some weight in countering that of the more narrow and intolerant counsellors of Pius IX., but it has been felt rather than seen. He was born in 1812 at Recanati, and his father, like Franchi's, was a notary. Like Franchi also he gave early signs of decided ability. Cardinal di Pietro was his first patron, and he rose steadily through the various grades of the *predatura* till he became Canon of St. Peter's and Assessor of the Holy Office, and eventually a confidential adviser and domestic prelate of Pius IX. Last year he was named Cardinal. Of courteous and engaging manners and amiable disposition, he has shown higher qualities than mere outward suavity of deportment. After his ordination he for a time assisted his uncle, who was a parish priest in Rome, and was distinguished for his self-sacrificing zeal and energy in the choleric year of 1837. But his clerical career, in the strict sense of the word, was a brief one, and he has ever since devoted himself to legal or political avocations. His part in negotiating the Austro-Hungarian Concordat gave so much satisfaction to the Emperor that he presented him with a gold snuff-box and conferred on him the Cross of Commander of the Iron Crown. This seems to indicate some diplomatic tact, though he has not, like his predecessor, been constantly mixed up with the intricacies of diplomacy, and is said, like Lord Beaconsfield, to have but an imperfect mastery of the French language, which may prove inconvenient in his present position. That he will do his best to carry out loyally the wishes of his master there can be little doubt, and should he succeed in establishing an *entente cordiale*, or at least a satisfactory *modus vivendi*, between the Vatican and the powers which are in conflict with it, he may yet make himself a name in history.

The proverbial warning to believe nothing that one hears and only half what one sees is peculiarly applicable to what is seen or heard in Rome. Liberals and *Papalini*, and all sorts of subdivisions of both parties, to say nothing of endless cliques and personal jealousies, and rivalries of different classes or religious orders, fill the air with reports, recriminations, and vague rumours the accuracy of which it is generally difficult and often impossible to gauge. We can only accept therefore with reserve the statement of the *Times* Correspondent, who is by no means an infallible guide, that some members of the Sacred College were anxious that a foreign member of their body should be chosen for the office vacated by the death of Cardinal Franchi, and pressed their wishes on the Pope. And we should be still slower to accept, without confirmation, the further statement that their choice fell upon Cardinal

Manning. The *esprit de corps* and the spirit of red-tapism are both very strong in the Sacred College, and the appointment of a foreign Cardinal as Secretary of State would be an unexampled outrage on the traditions of the Curia for centuries. It would of course have been out of the question while the Temporal Power lasted, and even now it would be a startling method of advertising the changed state of things. Moreover it is no secret that Cardinal Manning is not at all a favourite among his brothers of the scarlet robe, and it is by no means obvious that his appointment would have been the best way of what the Correspondent rather grandiloquently terms "avoiding international susceptibilities"—which, we presume, means in simpler English, consulting the wishes of the various Governments in communication with the Holy See. On one point however we have little doubt that our informant is substantially right. He tells us that a question arose as to whether Cardinal Manning would feel inclined to leave the important position he holds in England, and how far his health would permit him to accept the post proposed to be offered to him. Cardinal Manning, we suspect, has far too keen an appreciation of "the important position he holds in England" to be inclined to abandon it for one where he would be sure to incur unpopularity and not improbably failure. He is well aware that he has made himself a position in the English Protestant world which no prelate of his Church has enjoyed since the Reformation, and if he has not been equally successful in acquiring the confidence of his co-religionists, clerical or lay, he can afford to ignore a whispered displeasure which never ventures to take the form of open disaffection, still less of resistance to his will. There is no one here to tell him what some of the Opposition Bishops told him at the Vatican Council, that they had mastered their theology and learnt how to discharge their episcopal duties while he was still a Protestant, and he may be excused if he deems it better on the whole to rule in England than to serve in Rome. But that such a choice was ever put or was at all likely to be put before him, we do not for a moment suppose. We have no doubt that "in point of fact Leo XIII. had already made up his mind to appoint Cardinal Nina," and we doubt exceedingly his having been asked by the Cardinals to substitute either Cardinal Howard or Cardinal Manning. There is more plausibility in another rumour, that Masella, the nuncio at Munich, had been thought of for the vacant post, though we are unable to say how far it is authentic. And there is still less plausibility in the rumour, with which the Roman gossipmongers appear to have been characteristically amusing themselves, that Franchi was poisoned by a conserve sent from Spain, of which he ate voraciously at a dinner given by him to the new Archbishop of Naples. A similar story was circulated about the death of the late Mgr. Nardi, who bore in some respects a considerable resemblance to Cardinal Franchi. It belongs apparently to the mediæval dignity of Rome to preserve the memory of a favourite political crime of the middle ages which has happily grown obsolete. Meanwhile the death of Franchi leaves another vacancy in the Sacred College, and some curiosity will be felt as to how long Leo XIII. means to persevere in his determination, which cannot of course be more than provisional, to make no new Cardinals.

#### MR. COMYNS CARR ON ANCIENT DRAWINGS.

IT is not many months since, in a review of Mr. Fagan's account of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, we had occasion to speak of the virtual hiding away of the national collection of drawings. We then asserted, what seemed a truism, that a national collection of drawings should be publicly exhibited; that if possible sketches should be within reach of the galleries where the paintings of the same masters are shown; that thus the ignorant part of the public would become instructed as well as the artist. The answer always given to such suggestions was very simple, and up to last winter apparently conclusive. People, we were repeatedly told, would not care for drawings, even by great masters, and it is better not to encumber valuable space with any exhibition of what only students care to see. Another objection was also made. It was asserted that drawings in water-colour, and especially drawings in chalk or charcoal, would suffer by exposure in frames. The answer to this objection is of a character difficult to express politely. It is often the case in a controversy that the only reply to a statement is the too blunt counter-statement that it is untrue. Every one who has been so unfortunate as to involve himself in a literary contest has found his greatest task to consist in successfully refuting assertions which had no real foundation. Thus when people said drawings could not be exhibited, they said what was so unfounded that the answer could not be readily given in words. If drawings suffer by being protected in frames and under a fixed glass, how much more must they suffer in a portfolio, rubbing against other drawings? Even when properly mounted, they are still injured. Every time the book is taken down, every time it is opened, every drawing in the parcel wars against its neighbour, and gives it an unfriendly rub. It would, as we have said, be hard to refute a statement like that which has been quoted, because refutation implies at least plausibility. There remained therefore the other plea, that the public at large does not care for drawings, and students can see them better in the Print-Room. To this statement, again, the simplest answer is offered by the experiment which has been tried at the Grosvenor Gallery. The answer has come out with clearness which leaves no room for further debate. Not only did the public

crowd the Gallery, but students found possibilities of study such as they had never before enjoyed. It is not by taking out a drawing after a preliminary ceremonial, and sitting down and gazing at it for a certain time and then putting it by again, that it can be advantageously studied. On the contrary, it is by having it before the eye where it may be looked upon at leisure, at short intervals, after the eye has been exercised by something else, and even by the rapid glance in passing with perhaps some other object in view. Nay, more; the very people who said the public did not care for drawings threw upon themselves the responsibility of making it appreciate them at their true worth. If, after the sums which have been spent on Greek marbles and Italian paintings, on schools of art and loan collections, the British public does not care for drawings, it is manifestly the duty of the public instructors to call its attention to drawings, to show them to it, to force it to look at them, and, if need be, by special lectures and prizes to stimulate their study. In short, to say that the public did not care for drawings was to say that it had no taste for what it had never seen and scarcely even heard about. It would be very rash to infer that a coalheaver would not like pâté de foie gras and curaçao because he had never tasted them.

The success of the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery has induced Mr. Comyns Carr to make a permanent record of its more remarkable features in his illustrated edition of the *Grosvenor Gallery Catalogue of an Exhibition of Drawings by the Old Masters* (London: Librairie de l'Art). Not only did he find that the British public cared for drawings by great masters, but he found that there was a demand for criticism upon them, and for lasting reproductions to be taken home and studied at leisure. The result is to be seen in a beautiful volume; and Mr. Comyns Carr fitly opens his introductory notice with some remarks on the question which we have endeavoured to state above. The collection, he says, marked an epoch in art exhibition. It was not, by many persons, expected that the experiment would have any recognition beyond a limited and learned circle of amateurs. He goes on to account for this fear. In the control of the national collection of drawings a principle of exclusiveness had always been, and is still, implicitly accepted. Excuses had been made; but they would long before have been scouted as insufficient had not a widespread belief existed that the general body of the public had neither interest nor concern in this kind of art. True, he observes, the inhabitants of every great continental city can enjoy the inspection of such treasures; but they have been held by our own authorities to lie beyond the range of the general comprehension; and a tradition was allowed to prevail that the "understanding of the designs of the great masters is a secret cult to be guarded about with mystery, and to be reserved only for the initiated." Nor is Mr. Carr content with a vague assertion like this. He pins his thesis to the doors of the British Museum. "Things of exquisite beauty, fashioned with the simplicity of genius for general delight, and never destined by their authors to be weighted with inappropriate learning, are kept from the reach of all but a few professed students, on the gratuitous assumption that the rest of the world have not the taste to enjoy what they are scarcely permitted even to see." In these words Mr. Comyns Carr states his case with great delicacy. "Scarcely permitted to see" exactly describes the amount of seclusion affected by the department, or rather by those whose duty it is to regulate the Museum. True, the drawings are there, and the officials are there; and moreover, as Mr. Comyns Carr has taken care to explain, it is the courtesy of these officials which makes even limited study possible. Were they likeminded with others, their fellow-custodians of the objects of research, the Print-Room and its contents would be practically unavailable. Mr. Carr does not advocate the open exhibition of everything. On the contrary, he only pleads for the display of a few, the greatest, the most typical treasures. He puts the matter very tersely in a letter recently published by a contemporary, in which, after replying to a criticism which asserted that "there is no concealment," he expresses his views of the present arrangements:—

If the recommendation of a householder were needed to gain admission to the National Gallery, I should feel justified in asserting that the pictures there deposited were improperly concealed from the public; and I cannot but think that there is equal ground for complaint when a great capital like London fails to exhibit what may be freely enjoyed at Paris, at Florence, and other Continental cities. No doubt it is true that, with the present miserable accommodation afforded to the Print-Room, some such restriction is absolutely necessary; but the necessity arises only from the studied neglect which has so long relegated this important department to an inferior place in the museum system.

Nor does he pause with this comparatively general statement. He roundly asserts that the very existence of the Print-Room is, in a measure, kept a secret from the public. "The entrance that leads to it has every appearance of privacy." There is no name over the door. There is no official handbook. Yet more, and this seems to us more than anything to bring home his accusations, for they are little less, to the proper quarter:—

What is most astonishing of all is that the Print-Room has no kind of general catalogue to which the student has regular access. Only quite recently such a catalogue has been begun, and until it is complete the visitor is left entirely dependent upon the verbal information vouchsafed to him by the courtesy of the officials.

These facts certainly go far to prove "that there is no inclination on the part of the authorities to do for the department even that which lies within their present means." In our present ignorance of the worth of what we possess, Mr. Comyns Carr remarks elsewhere, the ruin of all that is in the Print-Room would scarcely

leave us poorer than we are. For the ordinary purposes for which a national collection of pictures exists, these pictures are as though they were not.

Without going to the full length of these views, we have thus endeavoured to summarize them. For two reasons, apart from the reputation he enjoys as a general art critic, Mr. Comyns Carr is entitled to the widest hearing on this subject which can be obtained for him:—he has made a special study and written a series of papers on the treasures of this kind in our national collection; and he has conducted the first great exhibition of the kind ever held in London to a most satisfactory conclusion. At this particular moment, when an exodus of four-footed beasts and creeping things is taking place in the direction of South Kensington, an admirable opportunity occurs for testing the value of such views. For, unless we are greatly misinformed, these removals synchronize, so to speak, with an alteration of the management. Moreover, as we are taking the beasts and birds from the poor children and others of the busy neighbourhoods of Soho and Bloomsbury for the benefit of the fashionable loungers of South Kensington, it seems fair that we should give them something else instead. And few things more civilizing and instructive than a great exhibition of prints and drawings—such as England best among nations has the power of making—could be offered for the study, instruction, and enjoyment of the thousands who, though they would rather go to gaol than ring at the door-bell of the Print-Room, will thoroughly and worthily appreciate the opportunity, if it is afforded them, of gazing without restriction upon a class of pictures which, more than any other, create and strengthen the impression of an artist's personality, and help to the due understanding of both nature and art.

#### THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT NORTHAMPTON.

A SECOND meeting of the Archaeological Institute held in the same county, so soon after it had revisited its cradle at Canterbury, might seem an indication that England was beginning to be archaeologically exhausted. It stands to reason that sooner or later this must be the case in a country of so small an extent; and if it is borne in mind that thirty-four years have elapsed since the first of these annual gatherings was held, and that a new generation of archaeologists has grown up in the interval, any objection on the ground of repetition is removed, since, with few exceptions, fresh persons would be visiting new scenes. When therefore the place of meeting for next year was discussed, the names of several places already visited by the Institute were brought forward. As yet, however, the Institute cannot altogether urge the plea of necessity for thus retracing its steps. Though all the English cathedrals have been inspected, mostly under the guidance of Professor Willis, several of our cathedral cities—such as Durham, Lichfield, and Wells, not to name Ely as too small to accommodate a rush of strangers—have not yet formed the centre of an annual congress. The success of the meeting at Cardiff might also well encourage the experiment of a second meeting in South Wales, round St. David's—if only, as we doubt, there be any place big enough to hold them—or else in North Wales, with Bangor as the centre. Crossing the Marches once more, Stafford and Nottingham, with its newly-restored Castle and Museum, and Southwell Minster close by, would enable the Institute to visit counties hitherto unseen and unexamined. Then there is the South-East coast from Folkestone to Bognor comparatively unexplored, while Taunton would open a most interesting field in the far West, hitherto untouched. It is "a far cry" to Truro; and still further to Penzance; though, if the Cambrian Society could hold a most successful meeting among their Cornish kinsmen, we do not see why the Institute should despair of doing the like.

But, to drop the future, the choice of Northampton was certainly a wise one. Seldom has there been a pleasanter and more instructive meeting; nor, if we except Peterborough itself, and Burghley at the close of the meeting, was ground already traversed from Peterborough gone over again. The attendance was large, including not a few old and well-known faces, such as Mr. Parker, restored to health; Mr. Bloxam, the Nestor of archaeologists; and Mr. Clark, who has taken the place of that famous Northamptonshire parson, Mr. Hartshorne, as the Castellan-General of England. It was interesting to see two great Northamptonshire worthies of the Institute reappear in the second generation as the officials of the present meeting. Its admirable President, Lord Alwyne Compton, is son of the first President of the Institute, the Marquess of Northampton, and the permanent secretary of the body, Mr. A. Hartshorne, who did yeoman's service at the gathering, of Mr. Hartshorne. Mr. Evans's address as President of the Antiquarian section was excellent, while his brother sectional Presidents were absent, Mr. Freeman from ill-health, and Mr. Beresford Hope from business. Lord Alwyne Compton began with a grave and cautious defence of the restoration of ancient buildings as often necessary, which was answered by Lord Talbot of Malahide, the President of the permanent body, and a member of the new Preservation Society, who actually took as his instance the re-erection of the old roof of St. Albans against which the Society of Antiquaries have so oddly protested. As it was, after Mr. Parker had defended the Vicar of Bradford-on-Avon for the attacks made on him for restoring the desecrated Anglo-Saxon church of St. Aldhelm to its original purpose, the discussion rather languished.

There was, however, one point in which the arrangements were

capable of improvement. The value of a visit to a church or place of historic interest depends on having the leading features clearly and succinctly set forth by some one qualified for the task, and that "some one" is not always the parson of the parish, in whom good intentions have often been inadequately fortified by previous study. The intimate acquaintance of Mr. Parker and Mr. Bloxam with most of the churches visited at the late meeting supplied this want in most cases; and in some instances, notably at Brixworth, the incumbent proved himself quite equal to his task; still, every place was not, in any sense, even as Brixworth.

This deficiency was most felt in the visits to castles and other places of historic interest. Rockingham had its expounder in Mr. Clark, who illustrated with his usual masterly touch the architecture and history of that most beautifully situated fortress, with its low drum gateway towers and picturesquely gabled courtyard, and stirring memories of the struggle between Anselm and Rufus, the favourite resort of our Plantagenet Kings, especially the ever-restless John, who found in the dense forest behind it abundant opportunities for indulging their love of the chase. But he was absent when the visit was paid to the wide grass-grown area with its green mounds and decaying bastions and low-arched postern, which alone mark the site of the historic castle of Northampton. Nor was there any one in his place to quicken the old walls with the grand memories of Waltheof, the popular hero and martyr, and the traitress Judith, the misshapen Simon de St. Liz, their daughter's husband; of Becket, "in the teeth of the Constitution of Clarendon, appealing to the Papal see"; of the constabulary of the licensed brigand, the terrible Fulk of Breantoe; of the capture of the younger Simon de Montfort just a month before the battle of Lewes turned the tables on the faithless King and placed him at the mercy of his barons; of the two statutes of Northampton, so deservedly famous in the annals of our liberties, and all the other great personages and grand events with which the fortress is connected. The *vates sacer* was more specially needed on this occasion, for before another assemblage of archaeologists can gather on the spot, the whole will have been swept away by the spades and barrows of the navvies of the London and North-Western Railway Company, who have purchased the site to construct a loop-line to Wolverton. The sacrifice of such an historic site is a piece of Philistinism disgraceful to our national character. Will not the Society for "the Preservation of Ancient Buildings" step in to avert it instead of grumbling over the roof of St. Albans? At Holdenby House, where "the grave Lord Keeper," Sir Christopher Hatton, really "led the brawls," incorrectly ascribed by Gray to Stoke-Pogis, in galleries of his own erection, Mr. Clark was present but silent, and though those who would might read it in Mr. Albert Hartshorne's excellent little handbook, it was much to be desired that some one should have told the picturesque tale of the sojourn of Charles I. after his sale to the Parliament by the Scots, of his arrest by bluff Cornet Joyce and his troop of horse, that "fair and well-written commission, legible without spelling." At Althorp too, in presence of the chief literary treasures of that unrivalled collection—the Caxtons, the famous Valdafer Boccaccio, the Apocalypse with its block pictures, the first edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, Johnson's Dictionary with MS. notes by himself, bequeathed by him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many other precious tomes—the party was equally in want of some one to record the memories of the house, and to point out the green where Charles was playing at bowls when the news of the approach of the Parliamentary troops recalled him to Holdenby. At Drayton, thrown open by Mrs. Stopford Sackville, "that dear old place," as Horace Walpole called it, picturesque with the picturesqueness of a house of all ages and styles, which has grown up just as its successive owners willed, with vast vaulted Edwardian cellars, stained by centuries of mould and richly tinted lichens, with its long library coloured by the rich brown and faded gilding of the folios and quartos, and the handsome decorations of the dining-room telling of the visit of William III. in 1695, while Venetian knockers of bronze hang on the outer gates, and portraits of the Mordaunts and Germaines—including of course "its divine old mistress," Lady Betty Germain—and the Sackvilles, covered the walls, and the garden had resumed its old formal beauty, "just as Sir John Germain brought it from Holland," the members were too much "transported" with the permission to "rummage it from head to foot," as Walpole did, to wish to be called off to listen to any coaching. An excellent discourse was given by Mr. Scriven beneath the rich stucco ceiling of the grand saloon of the sister-house of Castle Ashby, surrounded with a series of grand, historic portraits, commencing with Shakespeare's "valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury," and gorgeous tapestries, looking down the broad avenues stretching away for miles in one direction towards Yardley Chase, where Cowper's oak stands in picturesque ruin, in another, towards Easton Maudlin, where Bishop Percy was for thirty years vicar, and where he gathered the "Reliques," across the arabesque flower-beds divided from the park by a lettered balustrade, devised by Inigo Jones, with the appropriate motto, "Quoniam nec Solomon in omni gloria sua cooperatus est sicut unum ex istis." If to these houses we add the singular, not to say pedantic, triangular lodge at Rushton, and Kirby House, like Holdenby, built by John Thorpe for Sir Christopher Hatton, now falling slowly to pieces through the want of the commonest care, we have a collection of noble old mansions such as no country but England can show, and which few parts of England itself can match. Each, too, has its history, which, if such an arrangement had been found practicable, would have supplied materials for an

interesting paper. Burghley, too, was visited as a final spurt, but it belongs to another district.

But rich as the vicinity of Northampton is in old houses, it is still richer in churches. Nearly all have been restored, and it is pleasant to be able to record that the work of restoration has almost invariably been done well, in a conservative, not a destructive, spirit. The hideous deal "donkey boxes" and whitewash of Irchester, still unrestored, showed badly by the side of Scott's, Carpenter's, and Slater's careful work at Higham Ferrers, Brixworth, Holdenby, Earls Barton, and elsewhere, and pointed the moral of Lord A. Compton's introductory harangue. Almost all the new seating in the restored churches is of solid oak, following the design of the old benches, some of which usually remain. It is to be regretted that the monuments have in some instances, on the plea of incongruity, been removed from the walls, thus cutting asunder the continuity of parochial life of which the parish church is a visible symbol. The discovery of the monumental slab of a former vicar and finely-executed Caroline bust in the curious chancel vault beneath the chancel at Harlestone called forth a much-needed protest, which, we hope, will not pass unheeded. However ugly a monument may be, if once erected, it should remain. If it injures or obscures fine architectural features, it may be transferred to another part of the church, but that is the utmost degree of removal permissible. The ancient monuments and sepulchral effigies seen during the week were of remarkable excellence. Few churches can show such a series of noble tombs as the carefully-guarded memorials of the Spencers at Brington from 1522 to 1636. One of the most curious is that of Sir Edward Spencer (1622), rising from an urn much too small for the lower half of his body, still supposed to be contained in it, clad in the armour of righteousness, with the girdle of truth about his loins, his hand resting on the two pillars of the Law and the Gospel. The same church contains monuments of the Washingtons, the ancestors of George Washington, whose coat bears bars and mullets which it is difficult not to regard as the original of the "Stars and Stripes" of the American flag. The Chichester and St. Maur brasses at Higham Ferrers, and the magnificent unfinished pedimented altar tomb on which the latter brass lies—the uncertainty of the original destination of which gave rise to one of the best sustained and most valuable discussions of the Congress—the remarkable effigies of Ralph Greene and his wife, 1419, in Lowick Church, of which the original indenture of erection with the carvers is still extant, testifying to a now destroyed canopy, and that, in the same church, of Edward Stafford, Earl of Shropshire, are among the finest works of the period in their respective departments, and would have rewarded a far more careful study than time allowed to be given to them.

Northamptonshire is the county of fine spires, the noblest being that of Rushden, the exquisite proportions of which can hardly be exceeded, though it is pressed hard by Finedon. That of Higham Ferrers, perhaps as fine, has suffered from the rebuilding, so remarkably excellent for its date, in 1631. The beautiful spire of Raunds was rebuilt in 1826. That of Irchester is somewhat too slender for its height, and suffers from the absence of pinnacles and the flatness of the spire-broaches from which it rises. Though spires prevail, there are several examples of octagonal lanterns, which though so rare in other parts of England are not very unfrequent here. The best is that of Lowick, a kind of miniature Boston, of which the effect would be more pleasing were the lantern loftier; as it is, it scarcely clears the square, angular pinnacles. The most curious is that of Irthingborough, that architectural puzzle which still waits a satisfactory explanation. Here a very massive square campanile, detached from the body of the church, with which, however, it is connected by a large western porch, and an annexed chamber, supports a tall, slender octagon, more a turret than a tower, surmounted by a thin spire of lead. Chambers belonging to the college once founded here are attached to the north side of the campanile. The outline, when seen from a distance, is most curious, and cannot be said to be pleasing. Owing to the lowness of the intervening buildings, it has all the effect of a detached bell-tower; indeed, the square base reminds one forcibly of the detached campanile at Chichester. The exquisite little Early English tower of Stanwick is also octagonal, finished by a lantern of most pleasing design, crowned with a well-proportioned fourteenth-century spire. There are few architectural compositions on which one can look with more unmixed pleasure than this unique little campanile. Our space forbids our mentioning all the peculiar and interesting features presented by the churches visited; but we must not omit the very remarkable so-called "strainer arches" which at Rushden and Finedon span the nave with their rich perforated curve, to relieve the thrust of the transept walls, similar in character to those introduced in the lantern arches at Salisbury and Canterbury. The pre-Norman tower of Earls Barton, and the celebrated church of Brixworth, received careful attention, as they deserved. The similar tower of Barnack was visited. Though the carpenter's work theory may have been pressed too far, and made applicable to all cases, it is difficult to notice the likeness between the tall stone ribs, with the intervening rubble walls coated with plaster, which distinguished these towers, and the ordinary post and pan work of early carpenter's, and not conclude that there was some connexion between them, and that these towers, at least, with that of Barton-on-Humber, were the work of a builder accustomed to wood as his material, and not yet realizing the capabilities of stone.

Brixworth was the scene of a very interesting and animated dis-

cussion, in which, after the Rev. H. E. Gedga had with excellent taste propounded what he called the Brixworthian theory of the church having once been a Roman basilica, Mr. Parker, Mr. Bloxam, Lord Talbot, and Mr. Clark joined. It was generally felt that Mr. Clark was in the right when he declared his opinion that it was not a Roman fabric, but erected by Christian architects, like St. Albans Cathedral and St. Michael's Church, out of Roman materials derived from some large villa hard by. The plan, he justly remarked, of a nave with aisles, and a square sacraeum, terminated by an apse communicating with the church by a narrow archway, was fatal to its being a Roman basilica; while the character of the tilework of the arches equally contradicted its being Roman work, as they were very badly set, and required mortar to keep them in their place. The so-called "Roman eagle" was merely a piece of very rude Saxon or early Norman sculpture. But, though it be not Roman, nothing can do away with the very singular and unique character of this deservedly celebrated church.

However, we must hurry on. The Northampton churches—St. Sepulchre's, one of the four existing Round churches in England; St. Giles's, with its central tower standing on crippled Norman arches; St. Peter's, with its late Norman arcades of wondrous richness, cleaned by the hands of Miss Baker, the historian's sister, herself, with an ivory paper-knife, before church restoration was thought of—and its external and internal lower arches, about which so much has been said and written and which still remain so unintelligible; All Saints, with its rich but coarse Wrenian domed interior, built after the great Fire of 1675, so much admired by the late Mr. Petit—these and many others deserve to be spoken of. But we must forbear and also deny ourselves more than the mere passing notice of the papers read at the other sections. Mr. S. Sharpe effectually dispelled the nonsense talked about the mass of bones piled up in the Rothwell charnel-house, which he showed to be merely the mediæval surplusage of an over-full churchyard. Lord Henley read a discourse, able, but somewhat out of place, on "The States-General of France." Mr. Law delivered an elaborate defence of Blore's restoration of Queen Eleanor's Cross, proving the faithfulness of the work by early drawings and engravings. Mr. Bloxam gave one of his admirable dissertations on the sepulchral effigies of the county, which provoked some interesting discussion, and the Rev. R. S. Baker contributed a very carefully written memoir on "The Nene Valley as a Roman Frontier." In this the old question of the true reading and interpretation of the famous passage in Tacitus (*Annal. XII. 31*) relating to the forts erected by Ostorius Scapula to overawe the still unconquered Northern tribes, with the alternative readings *Antones* or *Anfones*, as the name of the river along which they ran, was discussed with considerable ability. Mr. Baker decided with Camden that the river intended was the Nene, and not the Avon, and against him that the old reading *Antones* was to be preferred. In this last one he is probably correct, as we believe *Anfones* was excoctitated by Camden without any MS. authority; but we must hold him entirely in error when he sought to derive the name of the county, *North-antun-sein*, as it stands in Domesday, from the early appellation of the river Nene, *Antona* or *Antus*. It is certainly curious that a river of this name, though in neither case now called by it, should run both by Southampton and Northampton; but that it is a mere casual coincidence, unconnected with the name of the town, is certain from the fact that in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle both places are called undistinguishably *Hæmtun*, and that they are only two of many other places similarly designated.

#### THE CANTERBURY WEEK.

PEOPLE who make the annual cricketing pilgrimage to Canterbury a modern "Pilgrimage of Grace" were disappointed this year. Mr. W. G. Grace did not come up to the very mildest expectations. In the match between Kent and England he was by no means "at home," in the affair between M.C.C. and Kent he was never away from home during the innings of his side, if a cricketer's domicile is the Pavilion. His two innings produced precisely one run, and Hearne and Mr. Penn enjoyed the pleasure of bowling him clean. The time was when a bowler thus favoured would have picusly treasured one of the bails in a glass case, and bequeathed it to posterity as an invaluable heirloom. It used to be impossible, or next to impossible, for any one but that useful field, Umpire, to get Mr. Grace's wicket. When Umpire was tired to death, when he would have liked to sit and give judgment in a chair (after the manner of the Fine Old English Cricketer of the song), when his life was imperilled in the neighbourhood of short leg, then, somehow, Mr. Grace occasionally got out. Umpire braced himself for an effort, and declared that the invincible one was either caught at the wicket or "leg before." Then would Mr. Grace cast an appealing and indignant look to heaven, like one who expects some such portent as lightning in a clear sky, and would march, among thunders of applause, to the Pavilion. What has caused all "the heavy change," and how comes it that every puny whipster (not that Mr. A. Penn and Hearne are "whipsters") gets his wicket? Only a few times this year, and chiefly when he was playing Shaw and Morley and all the might of Notts, has Mr. Grace been himself. It looks as if Mr. Spofforth had shaken his nerve early in the season. However it happens, the reduction of Mr. Grace to the ordinary

level of good batsmen, to the class of Lockwood, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Webb, and the rest, has made cricket a much more even game.

The Canterbury week proved that cricket for the time has no "champion," either man or county. England is no longer absolutely certain to win because Mr. Grace is playing; M.C.C. has ceased to anticipate undoubted victory; and it would not be impossible for the Players to recover their laurels, if the Gentlemen had not in the Lyttonians and Mr. Steel more than an equivalent for Mr. Grace. Judging from the first match of the week alone, and without taking other events into consideration, we might almost fancy that Kent has a right to be called the leading county. People who remember (it does not need a long memory) the decadence of Kent before Lord Harris gave his time and energy to its affairs must be surprised at the success of the shire. Kent now depends, almost as much as Gloucestershire, on her gentlemen, and her gentlemen are not of the semi-professional sort. It is our misfortune never to have seen Mr. F. Penn bat or Mr. A. Penn bowl, but these two cricketers are the Alpha and Omega of the team; the former going to the wicket first, the latter last of all. Or they may be compared to the greater Ajax, who was the shield and defence of his side, and the minor Ajax, who hurled the dexterous missile. The rest of the Eleven are chiefly Cambridge or Oxford men. Mr. Yardley does not now play much, and is no longer the terrible opponent who overcame Mr. Butler, Mr. Francis, and the Oxford Eleven long ago. Lord Harris has improved very much on his undergraduate skill, and is a brilliant and tolerably certain run-getter. Mr. Foord-Kelcey has recovered the speed and skill as a bowler of which an unlucky accident one year deprived him at Oxford, and he has added to his accomplishments a habit of running up large and rapid scores. Mr. Bligh, of this year's Cambridge Eleven, is, next to Mr. Steel, perhaps the most meritorious of Freshmen—a quick fielder, and a bat so trustworthy that many persons call him "reliable." Mr. Mackinnon has for years been a very useful batsman; and Hearne is, both with ball and bat, perhaps the most noteworthy of the younger players. The precise uses of Ingram and Mr. Tusnall can hardly be gathered from the scoring-sheets of the week, though the latter on one occasion achieved double figures, and is also a change bowler. From a glance at the scores, however, we are tempted to think that Kent might have dispensed with two men, and might have played England with even numbers, instead of employing thirteen against eleven. Yet England was so strong on paper that discretion or modesty may have easily persuaded the Kent men to place their trust in stronger battalions. The team which represented England was headed by Mr. Grace. He only got thirty-five runs in the two innings, but his bowling and his fielding at point are of immense service to any side. Perhaps he bowls too long, and he often seems expensive, but his "analysis" at the end of the year justifies his confidence in himself. Men lose patience when confronted by his patient and varying delivery, and tempted by his leg-balls. Thus he took all the later wickets of the Kent men, while his fielding at point paralyses the batsman who likes a cut, but cannot hit with freedom when the two safe hands are waiting like a trap for the ball. The other bowlers on the English side were Shaw and Morley, who go as well together as the component parts of an effervescent drink. Neither the swift nor the slow Notts bowler ever seems to tire, and though both have their days of tribulation, they are the best pair in England. The Canterbury week was rather a time of affliction for them, and Hearne and Lord Harris hit them about with much impartiality. Still it is plain that England could not have been stronger in bowling, unless Bates and Mr. Steel had played, both being most useful bats as well as difficult bowlers. In batting, too, England could scarcely have been stronger; for, even if Mr. Grace and Mr. Webb were once more unlucky, there was Mr. Ridley to depend on; there was Selby, perhaps this year the best man among the Players; there was Shrewsbury, a very rapid run-getter; there was Wild, who is almost the most dangerous player now in practice; there was Mr. G. F. Grace, a vivacious and busy hitter; there was Flowers, the joy of Notts. In short, on paper, England looked invincible, yet Kent won with consummate ease. Mr. Penn and Hearne, with Mr. Foord-Kelcey (who caught and bowled his old captain), twice got rid of England for scores under two hundred. Extremely steady play was shown by Mr. Ridley, Mr. G. F. Grace, Shrewsbury, Selby, and Midwinter, but the two extra men in the field must have curbed the run-getting. On the other side, almost all the honour and amusement of batting fell to Hearne and Lord Harris. England was easily defeated by six wickets; and the next match, between Kent and M.C.C., proved that the play was true, not the result of accident. M.C.C. had the same bowling as England, with the addition of Mr. Powys's swift, but now rarely successful, deliveries. Mr. Cottrell and Mr. R. H. Mitchell were good substitutes for Selby and Wild; but Kent would probably have won by ten wickets had she not invited Mr. A. Penn and Ingram to repeat their performance of the first innings, and secure four "ducks' eggs" between them. Mr. Cottrell failed to make one of his monstrous scores, Mr. Grace did nothing; Shaw and Morley were of little avail, and the amateurs of M.C.C. were obliged to bowl for themselves.

Cricket has this year been unusually uncertain. The great counties have now and then emulated the feat of Oxford in the University match, and have made pitiable scores. The Australians lately got out for 59 (disposing of their eighteen opponents for 33). Sussex, a county in the very depths of failure, dismissed a strong Yorkshire team for 94, but put

on a wretched 35 and a more wretched 24. Surrey has once or twice been scarcely more resolute or fortunate in defence. The bowlers are clearly beginning to have their turn, in spite of the long innings which were made in June. There is probably no county Eleven that might not, on a given day, find Lancashire too strong with Barlow, McIntyre, Mr. Appleby, and Mr. Steel. If county matches were played regularly, on the system of ties, it is not at all impossible that the bowling of Derbyshire might win the cup. There are some successful young bowlers among the Players, as Hearne and Bates, as well as among the amateurs. The example of the Australians has called attention to this department of the game. It is not necessary that every young bowler should try to make straightness mathematically certain on the Australian plan. To lift the hand over the head, and deliver the ball from a commanding eminence, is like the hard overhand service stroke in lawn-tennis. It pays, but it is not pretty. Not a peculiar style, but a steady devotion to an interesting, but till lately rather neglected, part of the game is needed. Fielding, too, demands a revival. We do not remember a year in which so many good matches have been spoiled and discredited by missed catches, by slovenly failures to pick up a ball, by wild throwing at the toes of the wicket-keeper, or some yards over his head. Make good fielding general, and you diminish the tyranny of the bat, the arrogance of the men of averages.

This year has been remarkable, then, for taming the pride of batsmen. Hence should follow an improvement in the game. It has long been complained that some amateurs are paid like professionals. The practice is not a pleasant one to comment on; and personal remarks in the very worst taste have been freely made by writers who perhaps know as little of cricket as of good manners. The excuse for the practice was the existence of an amateur whose position and skill put him outside the ordinary run of players. Clubs could not dispense with his aid; which, again, could only be procured on certain inevitable conditions. The popularity of cricket (and receipts of gate-money) were increased wherever this amateur went. There was no reason, however, to extend a practice based on unusual facts. There was only one player of this kind last year, and now apparently there are none. It is, therefore, high time that amateurs of no great ability, and of manners often the reverse of pleasing, should cease to be subsidized by clubs. It is not at all impossible to do without them, and it would be better to risk defeat than to secure victory by encouraging this system. A county club might perhaps pay the travelling expenses of all its players, so that there should be no invidious distinction. Men who did not need the money could, if they pleased, double their subscriptions. Even if the existence of a class of paid amateurs were not otherwise offensive, the position is, in the long run, ruinous to the prospects and independence of the "gentlemen" who take money. What kind of old age do men who live on cricket look forward to? It is perfectly easy to dispense with them; the experience of the year shows it, and the discovery is the best thing that could befall gentlemen-players.

#### THE TROCADERO EXHIBITION.

II.

THE French half of the Trocadéro galleries is entered, not from the middle of the building, but from the lower story of the square tower or pavilion with which this half, like the other, ends. A flight of steps takes us from this lower level into the gallery. The tower or pavilion is filled with Gaulish, Gallo-Roman, and other antiquities, many of the objects being of singular interest. M. E. Fourdrignier has sent a model of a Gaulish tomb. The skull of the warrior for whom it was made and his bones are little injured. His chariot has been buried with him, and the bronze rings forming the tires and nares are shown as *in situ*. Another model of a tomb is contributed by M. Morel. A large and well-arranged series of flint and stone implements, and of fragments of woven fabrics, and some curious ex-votos in very thin silver will be seen with interest. The museums of Moulins, Évreux, Troyes, and Lyons contribute several pieces of bronze sculpture of the second and third centuries, an Antinous, a Jupiter, and some wild animals; they are of great merit, and equal to anything produced by Roman sculptors of the day. It must always be remembered that Gaul was in many parts completely Roman as to arts and manners, and continued the sports of the theatre, the luxuries of the baths, and the art of metallurgy, perhaps to a later period than Rome itself. Three or four cases are filled with curious gold and silver jewelry from the Chersonese and from the Buda-Pesth Museum. Amongst these are some curious spiral brooches, or earrings, of very thin flat gold, delicately chased with the point.

Passing into the long gallery we find it divided into halls, partly according to the dates, partly to the ownership of the treasures exhibited; several individual collections being shown in distinct divisions. The first section contains a large display of Greek vases, bronzes, terra-cotta figures, coins, and some busts and life-sized sculptures. The vases are of great variety and beauty, and are abundant enough to fill a large room in the British Museum or the Louvre. The fragments of bronze vases, mounts, and ornaments of furniture, the small terra-cotta figurines, and the sheets of lead and bronze on which are acts of dedication of various offerings to the shrines at Delphi, are worth careful examination. M. A. Dutuit exhibits a circular bronze cist covered with delicate figure designs, each chased with a

single line, and a cameo cut in white and blue glass of two thicknesses, like that of the Portland vase. In the middle of the hall a number of fragments of a bronze chariot, animals, parts of wheels, and framework are set up in their proper form by M. Carapanos. These are said to have been discovered in the palace of Diocletian at Spalatro. M. Julien Gréau exhibits an entire court full of bronze, iron, and other antique Roman, Graeco-Roman, and Gallo-Roman sculpture, chiefly fragments. Some interesting Roman arms will be seen in one of the cases against the right-hand wall. All these objects are carefully arranged and classified. Passing on—always westwards—we find a section devoted to such works of early mediæval art as Frankish and Saxon buckles, fibulae, buttons, fragments of arms and armour of bronze, encrusted with enamel and ornamented in various ways; a series of knives and keys (Delaherche), and of seals (E. Dongé); an early ciborium in the shape of a dove, damascened; and specimens of early Limoges and Rhenish-Byzantine enamels. There are several reliquaries of the thirteenth century; and a solid ivory "Vierge ouvrante" of a later date, in which the figure of the Virgin opens, showing the history of the Passion in medallions inside. The reliquary of St. Saens is a silver arm with filigree work and enamel of the twelfth century. A number of fine Rhenish-Byzantine bookbindings are set out in a central case, mostly from the Firmin Didot collection; one set with a border of enamel plaques and cabochons, silver-gilt plate hammered in relief in the middle, is contributed by the Marquis de Ganay. Several cases are filled with illuminated MSS. of great beauty; among them an Anglo-Saxon missal from the Rouen Library, and a missal given to the Abbey of Jumièges, 1052, by Robert de Londres, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Not the least interesting is the missal of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. It contains his portrait and that of his wife, with his banner and arms and badge of the Garter. A beautiful example of later date is a manual of the Officium B. M. V. for Rouen, painted for the Cardinal della Rovere (Julius II.) The Firmin Didot collection is of extraordinary richness. Visitors will rarely have an opportunity elsewhere of seeing so choice a series of illuminated books of all the best periods of such art. The cases in which these precious works are shown spread through several of these mediæval courts.

The next section contains the Basilewski collection. It is a complete illustration of mediæval art. The ivories fill a central case. Four Byzantine ivory chests (probably reliquaries) are covered with sculpture in panels and medallions, some round, some square. With these are several round carved pyxes; two consular diptychs, one bearing the name AREOBINDVS (of the sixth century?) These tablets were sent by consuls on their appointment to great personages. Several fourteenth-century carved ivory triptychs with figures and canopies, some coloured, are in perfect condition. There are many fine Rhenish enamels, such as crosses, candlesticks, and two remarkable circular discs, concentric rings of enamel and filigree (Byzantine). A glass case is filled with paxes of various decoration and extraordinary richness. Another contains several mediæval morses mounted with elaborate tabernacle work and enamel. There are some specimens of minute wood-carving in beads of boxwood, covered with figures, and having figure compositions inside; and in wood shrines and triptychs of the schools of Nuremberg and Augsburg. With these we may compare the larger traceried work of several Flemish chests and cabinets.

Among the arms and armour we may note a shield embossed with the legend of St. George, a composition of singular spirit; a fine embossed sixteenth-century shield and saddle; and several swords, two specially, double-edged, gilt on the hilts and damascened with legends on the blades. There are many suits of armour, mostly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both in this hall and in other sections of the gallery. It is remarkable how rare armour of the middle ages—that is, before the end of the fifteenth century—has become, considering how durable the material is and how unavailable for any other purpose. There was but one complete suit in the Meyrich collection. Of armour of this early period there is one suit to the left of the entrance to the section. A suit will be seen in one of the glass cases, of which the genuineness is perhaps doubtful; as in the first-mentioned case, the edges of the breastplate and important lines of partition are fretted with edgings of fleurs de lys. Several suits in these cases look as if they were made up to match certain original pieces. The cases of MS. are as good here as in the section last described. A fine illuminated Romance exhibited in one of these cases by Baron Ed. de Rothschild, and a painting of a Crucifixion in a "Preces Pie" (Firmin Didot), deserve special notice. Portraits of John Bentivoglio, Duke of Bologna, and his wife, by Piero della Francesca, are hung on the left-hand wall. A Cleopatra, in full relief, in marble, is signed by Baccio Bandinelli. A case containing paxes, contributed by Signor Castellani, is more varied in kind and even more choice in decoration than those filling a case described already. The fifteenth and sixteenth century enamels are of great merit. Enamels of an older date are usually either laid between little walls or ribbons of gold, soldered to the surface of the object, or are let into hollows scooped out (cloisonné or champlevé). Those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are translucent, laid over chased silver, the lines of which are seen through the vitreous material, or are simply painted on copper in translucent colours or in black and white. Many fine pieces have both these kinds of decoration. They are from Limoges, and are the work of several families of enamellers—the earliest is named Penicaud. There

are some fine examples, perhaps of three Penicauds, in glass cases. The later and most famous enamellers were Leonard Limousin, Pierre Remon or Raymond, and the Courtois family. Signatures or initials of these names will be seen on several of these pieces. We may note in the middle of the room an Adoration of the Lamb, Susannah and the Elders (L.L.), and many others by the same hand.

Among the sixteenth-century wares will be seen four pieces of Henri II. ware, a warm white faience with minute patterns in brown or red, some with tiny modelled figures. This ware is decorated with bookbinders' ornaments, and these have been stamped into the paste and the colouring matter rubbed in. There are a dozen or more pieces of this ware in another court. We call attention to them, not because of their extraordinary beauty, but of their great rarity; not more than fifty or sixty pieces are known to exist. Of coloured faience there is a good show, and there are several notable pieces of Palissy ware (dishes filled with fishes, &c., modelled and coloured up to nature), and of the Italian lustre plates of Maestro Giorgio of Gubbio. Several small private collections are exhibited entire in various corners and bays; one by Baron Daviller, a well-known authority on art of this kind. Among his contributions we note several good ivories; some of those jewels made of baroque, or ill-shaped pearls, with enamel and other stones which are attributed to Cellini, and belong to the schools of jewellers founded in Italy and France by that great artist; and some curious coloured wax modelling (Italian). Signor Castellani shows a series of carved ivory and gilt and painted wooden caskets—several of remarkable merit; and some Byzantine examples and fourteenth-century Flemish work. In the mixed collection of M. Gavet, is an astronomical clock of the fifteenth century, chased and enamelled; a large assortment of watches, with crystal covers of curious shapes, and several pieces of fifteenth-century carving. Baron Adolphe de Rothschild has hereabouts a case filled with damascened arms of various kinds of the sixteenth century.

The same collector has filled a case in the middle of the court with twenty pieces of mediæval and sixteenth-century jewel-work of extraordinary beauty. They are ecclesiastical utensils of various kinds; a reliquary, with a figure of the Madonna; a navicula (incense-holder) of lapis lazuli, mounted with filigree and hammered gold or silver-gilt work of admirable execution, and with enamel and precious stones; three paxes of hammered work, also set with precious stones; two others set in enamel; a morse, or brooch, of considerable size, of hammered silver-gilt, with translucent enamel; another, with a composition of figures in relief, and enamelled; a little diptych, and two other reliquaries. M. G. Berger and others exhibit a series of pieces of Italian majolica in various colours, and several pieces of the modelled pottery compositions in relief, which are known as the work of Lucca della Robbia. M. André shows portraits in enamel of a Duke and a Duchess of Savoy. These are perhaps the work of P. Raymond; but there is as yet no catalogue, and signatures cannot always be seen with these objects in their glass cases. Passing to the sixteenth-century enamels contributed by the museums of Lyons and other cities, we note in the middle of the gallery a coloured oval dish, The Judgment of Paris; two ewers and dishes, signed J. L(imousin); a Last Supper in a dish, P. R(aymond); a Cupid and Psyche, J. C(ourtois); large portraits of Catherine de Medicis and Mary Steward, L. L.; a fine Minerva, the Medusa shield in massive relief, J. C.; the Parnassus of Raffaelle, J. C.; several saltcellars and candlesticks, white, grey, and coloured, on a black ground; and part of a set of dishes containing compositions of the story of Cupid and Psyche with a stanza below each composition. Some of the largest and most remarkable (on this account, rather than on that of their beauty) are a series of enamel pictures, each large enough to fill a panel three feet high, representing the twelve Apostles. They belong to the Church of St. Peter in Chartres. We notice but a few examples of these Limoges enamels; but the Basilewski and Rothschild collections are rich in the productions of all the masters of name in the sixteenth century. There are examples of most of these artists that can be studied at home in the British and South Kensington Museums, but we have nothing like the abundance of examples and the excellence of the specimens to be seen in the Trocadéro. None of the Paris museums contribute any of their treasures of this kind, the law not allowing generosity in those quarters. This rule, however, we must suppose, does not apply to provincial museums, the property of municipalities, several of which are well represented in the galleries. We have no parallel at home to these provincial repositories. At least, they are but in embryo in this country and only in one or two places.

Before we go further through the collection, notice must be taken of the early tapestries. The French galleries are rich in these fabrics. The most remarkable of the older schools of Arras, to be dated about the middle or end of the fifteenth century, are sixteen large pieces, perhaps thirty feet in length by thirteen or fourteen high. Nothing can be more complete and elaborate than the designs with all their details. They give a complete picture of the contemporary gala dresses of the Burgundian court, with embroidery and fringes carefully worked out. The borders are scarcely less detailed and elaborate than the main compositions. In some pieces legends are put into the mouths of the personages, written in black letter, giving a thorough mediæval character to many compositions so full, well drawn, and complete in many respects, that we should be inclined to give them a date fifty years later but for the costume and these letters. The series

stretches from the beginning of the French part of these galleries halfway down, and indeed is continued further in good examples to be noted hereafter. They belong to the Baron Erlanger, MM. Richard, Le Clanché, Gavet, Declos, and others. At Hampton Court there are duplicates of some of them, the "Triumph of Death," the "Triumph of Folly," and perhaps one or two others, which were probably part of the furniture of Henry VII. The sets now in Paris, however, are in far finer condition. The colours are little faded and the whole splendour of the compositions can be appreciated. With these should be compared the tapestries referred to in our last notice, exhibited in the Belgian and Spanish sections, in the other half of the building, some of which are Flemish and from the same looms, while the two representing the acts of Charles V. are perhaps of Spanish manufacture.

## REVIEWS.

### MOZLEY'S ESSAYS, HISTORICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.\*

THESE two volumes consist of reprints of articles and papers by the late Dr. Mozley, in whom the Church of England has but recently lost an eminent thinker and writer. To readers outside the limits of the ecclesiastical and theological world Dr. Mozley is probably best known by the volume of University Sermons which was reviewed in our columns two years ago. Till the appearance of that volume people in general can hardly be said to have been aware of his great powers of thought and expression. Dr. Mozley was not of those who take the world by storm and constrain it to listen to them. He had not the physical gifts for swaying masses of men. "The mere want of power of voice for intercourse with numbers," says the anonymous author of the introduction to these Essays, "the hopelessness of securing in large social gatherings that fair field for the expression of thought which a searching quality of tone and volume of sound give, drove him to the domestic circle, the *tête-à-tête*, the privacy of his study, for saying what he had to say." Another writer describes him as possessed of every qualification for a professor but one—"the faculty of popular teaching." Even his University Sermons, of which, when printed, the ability and weighty thought were at once recognized, did not, as spoken discourses, produce their due effect; and many, we are told, who had heard them preached, hardly appreciated them adequately until they saw them in print. His vocation was that of a writer rather than of a speaker, and for many years his pen found constant occupation in the periodical literature of the High Church movement. The controversial spirit in him had indeed begun to show itself long before he came up to Oriel College, and passed under the influence of Hurrell Froude and Dr. Newman. While yet in the nursery, the future author of the *Treatise on the Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination* was found disputing, as the advocate of free-will, with his nurse, whom he considered to be led away by the sophisms of a popular Calvinistic curate. At the more mature age of fifteen his controversial powers were again called into requisition to defend the Creeds against the objections of his sisters' mathematical master, a disciple of the school of Dr. Erasmus Darwin. By this time he had made his first acquaintance with Oxford, having been brought up, when only thirteen, to try for a scholarship at Corpus, "when his age and boyish looks were fatal to him." Four years later he was admitted into Oriel College, and there threw himself warmly into the Tractarian movement, as the extracts given from his letters, full of the sayings and doings of Froude, Keble, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Newman, sufficiently show. We need not follow him through his University course, down to the time (1871) when he was made Regius Professor of Divinity. Of his literary life we may note that, after Hurrell Froude's death, he undertook the editing and arranging of the Becket papers, which had been left in an unfinished state by their author. His first original paper, "Palgrave's Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages," appeared in the *British Critic* of October 1838, and "from this time his pen was never idle." When the *British Critic* "fell in the great crash of the party of which it was the organ," he became joint-editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, in which appeared many of the papers reprinted in these volumes. In the Gorham controversy he took a line which to a great extent separated him from his party; and from thenceforth he stood very much alone as a theologian, not liking the developments of his old party, and yet finding no other with which to ally himself. We cannot leave the "introduction," from which we have gathered these particulars, without noting the good taste and judgment, rare in friendly biographical sketches, with which it is written.

The articles now collected and reprinted are, as the title tells us, "historical and theological." With the theological papers, which make up the second volume, we do not propose to deal, except so far as to call attention in passing to the fine essay upon the Book of Job. Apart from its religious views, it contains some interesting and weighty pieces of literary criticism. The sentiment of revolt against the injustice of the visible order of the world which expresses itself in the bitter complaints of Job is traced as the inspiring thought of many of the greatest works of poetry.

\* *Essays, Historical and Theological.* By J. B. Mozley, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1878.

The comparison between those "great philosophical poems," the *Prometheus Vinctus* and *Hamlet*, is beautifully drawn out. Prometheus sustains the sense of all-pervading injustice with the invincible strength of godhead; Hamlet with more of a mortal's weakness; but the sentiment of revolt and protest, awakened by individual wrong, is the same in both. In a less direct manner, it is the same universal sense of injustice, of unmerited wrong, to which the tales of the wrath of Achilles and the sorrows of King Lear appeal. In the poetry of writers of the school of Byron and Shelley this sentiment develops into a fierce revolt against the existence of pain and evil at all. For the moral lessons to be drawn from this sense of the world's disorder, as well as for a keen criticism of the Communist theory, we must refer our readers to the essay itself. Our business at present is with the preceding volume, which contains the historical essays, consisting of papers on Luther, Strafford, and Laud, and a review of Mr. Carlyle's *Cromwell*. This last labours under the disadvantage of being a review rather than an essay. A review is necessarily of ephemeral interest—if we can use such a term in connexion with compositions so solid and thoughtful as those of Dr. Mozley—and when reprinted after a lapse of some thirty years is apt to appear rather *passé*. Thirty years ago Mr. Carlyle's theory of hero-worship was new, and his views on Cromwell were startling. Now we are accustomed to them, and we accept his Silences, Eternities, and Veracities, his denunciations of quackeries, bunkymisms, and shams, as the eccentricities of a great writer. The zeal and labour with which Dr. Mozley picks Mr. Carlyle's theories to pieces now seem hardly called for. We know by this time, without having it elaborately demonstrated, that hero-worship in Mr. Carlyle's sense is the worship of mere force. When Dr. Mozley wrote his review in 1846, the apostle of the heroic creed had not reduced his own theory to the absurd by canonizing King Frederick William. Now we are content to enjoy Mr. Carlyle's declamations without expecting him to be consistent with himself, or hoping to derive any practical teaching from them. Dr. Mozley examines them, inquires how a man is the better for being told in ten successive sentences to be a reality, and triumphantly asks how we are to reconcile Mr. Carlyle's assertion that "flunkymism" has "gone about incurably sick" ever since King Charles's head was cut off, with his perpetual representations of "flunkymism" as rampant and dominant in the world of to-day. As for Cromwell himself, Dr. Mozley unsparingly describes him as "an ambitious, ominous, preaching and plotting, cloudily fanatic, and solidly terrene soul." Whether he judges Cromwell's religious character aright is of course a question which his readers will answer differently, according to their more or less sympathy with Puritanism; but all will admit his profound insight into certain forms of religious self-deception. We wish we had space to quote the remarkable passage on the distinction between the ethical and the intellectual sense of religion, or that on "the talent of humility." Not indeed that we need go quite so deep as Dr. Mozley does to explain the somewhat loud-voiced humility of men of Cromwell's type—the humility which makes a man talk of himself as "an unworthy instrument," and the like. It is a pious form of self-consciousness, not to say fussiness; and though it is to be found in great men, it marks the man who has risen to greatness, not the man who has been born to it. Looking at Cromwell simply from an historical standpoint, without reference to his religious character, we should say that Dr. Mozley is not always fair to him. The view he sets forth is in fact the old-fashioned Royalist view, which attributes to Cromwell the incredible farsightedness of a stage villain. If we do not mistake, Dr. Mozley believes that as early as the time of the Self-denying Ordinance—that is to say, before the battle of Naseby—Cromwell was forming "a deliberate, deep, subterranean resolution" to get rid of the King, in whom he already saw his personal rival. We notice that, like most writers who take this view, the essayist in his outline of Cromwell's career slurs over the negotiations in 1647 between the King and the chiefs of the victorious army. Unless these negotiations were pure comedy on Cromwell's part, it is clear that at that time he was prepared to restore the King to power. At any rate, without taking them into account it is impossible to form a fair judgment of his political career.

The article on Lord Strafford, though professedly a review of Mr. Forster's *Strafford*, is a genuine essay, such as Macaulay might have written. The style indeed is not that of Macaulay, the thought of course still less so; but it has a glow, an enthusiasm, a slashing outspokenness—we may add, a onesidedness, though the side taken is different—which remind us of the great Whig historian. Written in 1843, it breathes the spirit of the "Tractarian" warfare then raging, though, except for an acrimonious attack upon Hallam—the only part of the article one would wish away—there are no personal references. One bit of contemporary history brings before us the young Oxford of 1843, with its half-religious, half-aesthetic worship of the Royal Martyr. "It is a fact in the trade," the essayist believes, "that the demand for engravings of Charles has almost drained the stocks of the dealers in the metropolis and other places." In the understanding of the constitutional history of our own country we may safely assert that Oxford has made advances. "Antiquarians" who "refer us to Saxon Witenagomots, and talk of a theory of liberty which was never obliterated in our national charters," would hardly now be treated with such contempt as the *British Critic* then displayed:

Monarchy was the working principle of the State in those days; and it is miserable trifling, and standing upon a play of words, to assert the

identity of an assembly of burgesses who met compulsorily, and were dismissed gladly, because it called itself a parliament, with the Parliament of the present day—to antedate English liberty five hundred years, and pare down the monarchy of Edward the First to the model of De Lolme upon the Constitution.

The essayist in fact saw but half the truth. He saw the difference between the child and the grown man, and he therefore denied their identity. With such views of the English Constitution, it is natural that he should defend Strafford through thick and thin, except indeed in the brief period when Strafford so far forgot himself as to serve the cause of liberty. The ghost of the great Earl must have rejoiced in the possession of an advocate so "thorough." Dr. Mozley to some extent anticipates the line since taken by Mr. Gardiner, who, though no partisan of Strafford, defends him against the often-repeated charge of "apostasy." Like Mr. Gardiner, Dr. Mozley points out that Strafford had his own ideal of government—an ideal which has, and always will have, a fascination for minds of a certain order:—

No advocate for the domination of brute force, or an oriental despotism, wanton, indolent, and luxurious, he [Strafford] wished to establish simply an *effective* monarchy—one that would *do its work*—look after the people in real earnest, and feel itself responsible for their physical, moral, and religious improvement. If he thought that such a government, strong and self-confident in conscious purity and greatness, would be invincible against pressure from below, let it be so; and let it be called a despotism: it was a despotism perfectly consistent with popular assemblies and popular rights, because it undertook to carry the nation along with it, to make the popular mind conform itself, and bow all hearts to its legitimate and well-earned supremacy. The concordant will of sovereign and of people combined absolutism and democracy in one system.

Unfortunately this ideal is impracticable; and if it had been practicable, Strafford had not the tact and the quick sympathies necessary for carrying it out. Dr. Mozley evidently enjoys his hero's "round answers" and high-handed fashion of dealing with opposition, and records admiringly the methods by which, when Lord Deputy of Ireland, his Council was "tamed and brought into something like *trauining*":—

Strafford had, very early on his arrival, taken pains to teach these officials their proper place. . . . The most punctual and business-like man in the empire when he chose, he assembled his Council, and kept them for hours waiting, "attending on his leisure."

Most people would describe this conduct as equally ill-bred and injudicious. Strafford's admirers seem to think that to keep everybody about one in a chronic state of ill-suppressed rage is a triumph of statesmanship. So some people think a man a fine horseman who by pressure of curb and spur keeps his animal perpetually fretting. The true statesman, like the true horseman, gets along without provoking unnecessary resistance.

Happily, however, it is quite possible to enjoy and to admire works with which we by no means altogether agree; and the force and beauty of this essay on Strafford ought to secure for it readers, even though the subject may have lost something of the controversial interest it had five-and-thirty years ago. We must quote a fine and pathetic passage which follows upon the mention of Strafford's sentence:—

All was now over—the statesman's life, with its troubles, conflicts, commotions—the magnificent storm was spent, and Strafford had one brief awful pause before the world closed upon him for ever. Year after year, hour after hour to the last, the intensity and excitement of his career had increased, had within and around him quickened, like tropical nature, into a glowing multiplied life, an overflowing luxuriance, brilliancy, and play of mind; and now in a moment every thought had its quietus, and all was midnight stillness within the prison walls. But the same high temper and finish of character which had ever made him see and bend to his position, whatever it was, bore him through his last short stage as nobly as it had borne him to it; now that he could work no more, he reposed, and, life over, addressed himself to death. Do we not mistake indeed the temper of great minds all along, when we imagine that because they devote themselves to the business of life, they are therefore devoted to life? Rather should we not say that they adopt that mode of *getting through it*? Some trial meets all men, adversity the pampered, neglect the proud, occupation the indolent, and life itself the great. The big ardent mind must be doing something, or it pines and dies, must be filling up the awkward void, storing time with acts, and making life substantial. But take away life, and the worldly principle is over; they are no longer bound to it than they exist in it, they do not regret the loss of that which they only spent because they had, or love the rude unsightly material which their skill and labour moulded. Life, the simple animal or passive, they never knew, or felt, or had; nature gave them not the sense or organ which relishes the mere pleasure of being alive; they never thought of life itself, but only of its opportunities; and death will occupy, absorb, content them, if death is all they have to think of.

On the essays upon Laud and Luther we have not space to dwell. That upon Luther is an acute and on the whole unfavourable piece of criticism. To Luther's advocates, says Dr. Mozley significantly, "belongs the undoubted fact that he was a great man; to his opponents the very awkward question whether he was saint." The article on Archbishop Laud of course takes a highly favourable view of its subject, though Dr. Mozley sees and admits the Archbishop's failure as a politician:—

Laud's is an instance of a great career founded upon a dream; a great, practical, powerful, political mind, that pursued a visionary object. The high feudal idea of Church greatness which led him through his course was an impracticable, unreal one in the great revolution of society which had taken place. . . . Laud's movement was not a popular one, and we know not whether it could have been made so.

At the same time he points out how much of Laud's work has survived. At the cost of his own life and the temporary downfall of his order, Laud stemmed the rising tide of Puritanism and saved the Catholic element in the English Church. There are no doubt many who will count this no claim upon the gratitude of

posterity; but at any rate it redeems Laud's career from the charge of utter failure. The man who arrested the English Church in her course towards Geneva, and impressed her present character upon her, must have been something more than the "ridiculous old bigot" described by Macaulay.

That Dr. Mozley treated even his historical subjects from a religious rather than from a purely historical point of view he probably would not have sought to deny. Though this may lower the value of his essays in the eyes of the scientific school of historians, at least it does not diminish their interest, nor injure their life and vigour. We have already said enough, we trust, to induce our readers to study these volumes for themselves. They will find in them much that will bear, not one, but many perusals.

#### THE CHANSON DE ROLAND.\*

FRENCH scholarship cannot be charged with having neglected the venerable relic of mediæval literature which has come to be known as the *Chanson de Roland*. This is the fourth independent edition of the text that has appeared in France; the tenth, counting reproductions of former editions, and the eighth translation into modern French; besides which there has been produced at least a score of books, *brochures*, and articles bearing on the history, geography, structure, versification, and other features of the poem. Nor has the study been left entirely to French scholars. The Germans, always to the front in every literary enterprise, have given three critical editions of the text, and a fourth is on the eve of publication, while a German translation has been published by Dr. Hertz at Stuttgart, and one into Polish by Mme. Duchinska at Warsaw. It might perhaps have been fairly expected that an English editor would have made an appearance in the field. It is true that a *chanson de geste*, dealing with Charlemagne (or Karl the Great, as perhaps we ought to call him), has not the same historical interest for an Englishman as for a German or a Frenchman; but, from a literary point of view, our interest in this old Norman lay is hardly less than that of the French themselves. The language in which it is written has an intimate relation with our own; that the author of the oldest redaction of the poem was born on this side of the Channel would be too much to assert, but it is at least probable that the Turold or Thorold, to whom we are indebted for its preservation, was an Anglo-Norman; and, at any rate, the princeps MS., to which his name is attached, belongs to this country, being one of the treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

In the opinion of experts, among whom M. Francisque-Michel is to be reckoned, this is of the twelfth century, while, of the six or seven other MSS. which contain a part or a version of the poem, the earliest is at least a century later. One of these—that in the National Library in Paris—was in 1832 made the subject of a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Letters by M. Monin, who, with an instinct akin to genius, detected in it evidence of an earlier work. This called attention to the Oxford MS., the existence of which had been already mentioned by Tyrwhitt in a work curiously described by M. de Julleville as "Canterbury's Tales of Chaucer," and by Conybeare in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the result was that M. Francisque-Michel was commissioned by M. Guizot to make a transcript and publish an edition, which he brought out in 1837. M. Génin followed suit with a critical edition in 1850, succeeded by those of Müller and Boehmer, and a second by M. Francisque-Michel, especially valuable to the student by the addition to the Oxford text of that in the Bibliothèque Nationale, showing the action of time and interpolation on an old poem. Then came the elaborate edition of M. Léon Gautier, with translation, notes, and glossary, which has been reproduced no less than five times; and lastly we have this of M. de Julleville, who adopts Müller's edition of the Oxford text, and gives a translation which seeks to follow the original even in its assonances. It is open to doubt whether the latter attempt is altogether judicious. It hampers the translator's efforts at literalness without any compensating advantage. The assonant rhyme, that which disregards the consonants and depends wholly on the accented vowels, is impotent as a rhyme to any modern ear except a Spaniard's, habituated to it by its employment in the popular ballads. It is, in fact, essentially a feature of popular narrative poetry, and no doubt had its origin in the chant of the trouvère or romancero. The earliest narrative poetry of the Romance languages was delivered apparently in a monorhymic chant, in which the same rhyme was carried on to the end of the laisse, or strophe, corresponding to the paragraph in prose. But, as the length of this depended on the matter or subject, even a Romance language could not always furnish a sufficient number of legitimate rhymes; and the minstrel was compelled to have recourse to the assonant, which, moreover, would be but slightly distinguishable from the consonant in the mouth of a singer. Ticknor, it should be observed, is in error—a rare occurrence with him—when he says, in his *Spanish Literature*, that the assonant rhyme had its origin in Spain. It appears, indeed, in the earliest work in the Spanish language, the poem of the *Cid*, which is constructed exactly on the plan above described; but the poem of the *Cid* is certainly not earlier, and probably more than half a century later, than the *Chanson de Roland*, where the assonance is equally

\* *La Chanson de Roland; traduction nouvelle rythmée et assonante, avec une introduction et des notes.* Par L. Petit de Julleville. Paris: Lemerre. 1878.

prevalent. Nor is this the only instance of it in early French poetry, for it is found in the lay of the "Loherains," and the fabliau of "Aucassin and Nicolette." It is quite true, as he says, that the assonant rhyme is a peculiarity which does not *prevail* in any literature except the Spanish; but even there its employment is limited to a very distinct class of poetry. None of the old poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Gonzalo of Berceo, or the Priest of Hita, or any of their voluminous contemporaries, have recourse to it; nor is it used by the poets of the school that succeeded them—the Marquis of Santillana, Villena, the Manriques, Juan de Mena; nor by those of the Italian school—Garcilaso, Boscan, Mendoza, Francisco de la Torre, or the Argensolas. In fact, it is never employed by any of the recognized poets except those like Gongora, Lope, Quevedo, and others who occasionally expressly imitated the ballads and popular poetry; the poem of the *Cid* is the only long work in which it appears, and with this exception it is confined to the ballad poetry and its imitations.

It is interesting here chiefly as indicating a certain relationship or community of origin between the early popular poetry of Spain and that of Northern France. In one of the most striking passages of the *Chanson de Roland* the poet defines very clearly the limits of the country to the inhabitants of which his verses are addressed. At the point where the tide of battle at Roncesvalles turns against Roland, and the Franks are borne back by weight of numbers into the jaws of the pass, the poet pauses abruptly, as if a new vision had suddenly come within his ken. In France, he says, there is a marvellous great tempest, hail and rain and thunderbolts and darkness at midday, and a trembling of the earth from St. Michel del Peril to Seinz, and from Besançon to the port of Guitsand, and men say it is the end of all things. But they say wrong, not knowing the truth. It is the great dole for the death of Roland. St. Michel del Peril is of course Mont St. Michel in Normandy, Guitsand is Wissant, near Cape Grisnez, and Seinz, the reading of the Oxford MS., should beyond a doubt be "Reims," i.e. Reims, the reading of two later copies, as the place is obviously in a line east from St. Michel. These four points mark out with curious precision the region over which the langue d'oïl prevailed. By taking Mont St. Michel as the most westerly, the Breton peninsula is excluded; immediately eastward of a line running through Reims from Wissant to Besançon the Teutonic speech begins, and a line from Besançon westwards will very nearly fall in with the course of the Loire, which has always been reckoned the northern boundary of the langue d'oc. Few things at all capable of comparison differ more essentially than the schools of poetry which flourished on the opposite sides of the Loire. The genius of the Northern poetry was narrative and descriptive, that of the Southern was sentimental. While the trouvères of the North troubled themselves little about love except as motive of action in their tales, it was the never-failing theme of the troubadours of the South, who, on the other hand, rarely sang of war, perhaps because, as M. Demogeot suggests, "la vie réelle en était trop pleine pour que la poésie aimât à s'y arrêter." But what marks the contrast most strongly is the difference in method. So long as they preserved a certain rhythm and cadence sufficient for keeping up the interest and attention of their audience the Northern minstrels cared little about niceties of construction. With the troubadours, on the contrary, form and mechanical excellence were all in all, and the art of the poet seems for the most part to be expended, not on the thought to be conveyed, but on the vehicle which conveys it. A ballade will remind an English reader of what he understands by a "ballad" in the same way that New York recalled Old York to the guard of the Light Salisbury by being so exactly unlike it in every respect. The same difference, only still more strongly marked, distinguishes the compositions of the troubadours from the contemporary poetry of their neighbours on the other side, the Spaniards, which in almost every respect shows a close affinity with that of the trouvères. It is true that the *chanson de geste* of the Norman minstrels has only two or three representatives in Spain, a noble one in the poem of the *Cid*, to which may be added the curious "Cronica rimada," discovered by Ochoa in the National Library in Paris, and the other rhymed chronicle dealing *in extenso* with the Moorish wars of Alfonso XI. On the other hand, there is little or nothing on the French side to set off against the ballads of Spain except a chance specimen like the ballad of "John of Tours," which has been admirably translated by Mr. Rossetti. It should be remembered, however, that in most cases a *chanson de geste* implies the pre-existence of a ballad poetry, out of which it was formed by a kind of process of natural selection. An event or a hero that appealed to the popular imagination would naturally be seized upon as a subject by the popular minstrels, and, when the facts were exhausted, fancy would be called in to supply their place. Of the group of ballads, lays, rhapsodies, or whatever they may be called, thus produced, some of course would prove more taking than others; those that failed to tell would drop out of circulation, those that hit the taste of their public would, as we should say now, come to a second edition, and those that best fitted in with the others would of course have the best chance of survival. Thus out of a mass of unconnected lays there would grow a series with a recognized connexion and order, becoming more and more homogeneous with time and repetition. When this process began in the case of the *Chanson de Roland*, how soon after the event the poem celebrates, we have no means of judging; nor indeed can we tell when the redaction preserved in the Oxford MS. was made, or whether Turold remoulded a rude old lay or merely transcribed a

version current in his day. But that the *Chanson*, as we have it there, came of some such process is beyond a doubt; and possibly the song of Roland and Oliver, "Ki mururent en Renchevals," which Taillefer sang as the Normans advanced to the battle of Hastings was one of those that entered into its composition.

The repetitions which are among the indications of the conglomerate structure of the poem may in some instances have been intentional, as M. de Julleville points out; but where they involve a contradiction—as, for instance, when Laon is spoken of as though it were Charlemagne's capital, while in the next strophe Aix is mentioned in nearly the same terms—the obvious inference is that they belong to different versions. The amplification of the story makes it probable that the disaster at Roncesvalles began to be sung at an early date. There is no reason to doubt that such a disaster did really occur, and that it was one of considerable magnitude, but the only historical voucher for the fact is Eginhard's account of it in the Life of Charlemagne, and in the Annals, if indeed the latter be his, which has been questioned. All he says is that Charlemagne, after having reduced the North of Spain, was leading back his army in safety when he suffered a reverse in the Pyrenees from the treachery of the Gascons, who, taking advantage of the narrowness of the defile and the thickness of the woods, fell upon the rear-guard in charge of the baggage, and destroyed it to a man—Eggihard, the Chamberlain, Anselm, Count of the Palace, and Roland, Warden of the Marches of Brittany, being among the slain. There was no possibility of avenging the blow, he adds, because the enemy dispersed immediately with the spoil. In the annals of the year 778 the record of the event is substantially the same, except that no names are mentioned, and that Charles is said to have returned by Pamplona, which is confirmatory of tradition and romance as to Roncesvalles being the scene of the conflict. Such is the historical account of the catastrophe which gave birth to the widespread legend of Roland, Roldan, or Orlando, and all its ramifications; "un nom et quelques lignes," as M. Julleville says; adding rather rashly, "il est sorti de là une épopee immense." The trouvères or joglars who gave the first start to the "épopée immense" were about as likely to have taken their ideas from Eginhard's few lines as the poet who wrote

July the first in Oldbridge town

to have got his knowledge of the battle of the Boyne from the entry in Evelyn's Diary. If they did, the mediæval poet's license was a liberal one. In the first place, it is to be noticed that in the romantic narrative the Gascons are dropped altogether, and the Saracens made the assailants, although at the time the Saracens north of the Ebro were Charlemagne's vassals, under his protection. In the Spanish ballads, except the famous one which Don Quixote heard the Toboso ploughman singing—

III did ye fare, ye men of France, in Roncesvalles chase,

Your peers were slain and Charlemagne fell from his pride of place—the victory is generally claimed for the Spaniards of Leon and Bernardo del Carpio. But of course Eginhard's account is the true one, and it is confirmed by the Basque ballad of Altabiscar, in which, however, there is no allusion to the powerful inducement of booty, but the mountaineers are represented as inspired solely by a patriotic desire to crush the Northern invader. The foundation of the story in the poem is Ganelon's hatred and jealousy of his step-son Roland. He is sent at Roland's suggestion to the Court of Marsiles, the Saracen King of Saragossa, to arrange the terms of submission offered by the latter, and while there he contrives to persuade the Saracens that there can be no rest or peace for them so long as Roland lives, at the same time pointing out that they will have a good opportunity of getting rid of him when he and the twelve peers with the rearguard of twenty thousand men will be separated from the main army. The Saracens act on the hint and follow Roland with an overwhelming force. When they make their appearance the prudent Oliver advises Roland to sound his mighty horn, which indeed is no horn, but an elephant's tusk, "olifant," as we have been not long ago reminded by a passage in M. de Bornier's fine play *La Fille de Roland*, that Charlemagne at the other side of the mountains may know the strait they are in. But Roland says, "God forbid that I should be heard sounding my horn because of pagans!" The Franks perform marvels of valour; but they are outnumbered, and fall one by one, and at length Roland reluctantly winds his horn. Before help can come Oliver falls, mortally wounded. At last the answering horns of Charlemagne's host are heard across the mountains, and the Saracens turn and fly, leaving Roland and the Archbishop Turpin masters of the field, but both in grievous plight, the Archbishop wounded to death, and Roland, though unwounded, dying, for in sounding that despairing blast with the dread horn he has, in point of fact, blown his brains out—

Par les oreilles fors fu li cervel—

and he dies, after a vain attempt to break his good sword Durandal. Charlemagne comes up breathing vengeance, and pursues the Saracens down to the Ebro, in which those who escape the swords of the Franks are drowned. He then destroys all the "sinagogues" and "mahumeries" and images and idols in Saragossa, and carries away the widow of King Marsiles to be converted. Roland, Oliver, and the Archbishop are buried with due pomp at Blaye; and Ganelon, arraigned for his treachery, and proved guilty by his defeat in single combat, is torn asunder by horses. Before the dénouement is reached, however, there is a long episode setting forth how the Emir Baligant of Babylon, moved by the distress of his brother of Saragossa, came to his aid, and sailed up the Ebro with a mighty fleet and a huge

army; but was defeated with the usual completeness which was the lot of those who encountered Charlemagne. This (an evident interpolation, though M. de Julleville does not notice it) was no doubt inserted by some keen Carolingian partisan, eager to give the Emperor a larger share and a more prominent place in the poem.

As may be gathered from this rough outline, the *Chanson de Roland* is rude and inartistic, with little about it externally to tempt any one except the specialist or student of old poetry. But, like many a tract of country that looks grim and uninviting when viewed from a distance, it has picturesque beauties of its own to reward the explorer who takes the trouble to penetrate its recesses. With all its prolixity and numerous repetitions, the fight at Roncesvalles has the trumpet ring of the true Homeric ballad in it; and the deaths of Roland and of Oliver are told with genuine dramatic force and pathos. Especially dramatic is the last scene between the friends, when Oliver, with the dimness of death upon his eyes, mistaking Roland for one of the enemy, cleaves his helmet with a last effort; and Roland, fearing that the blow may have been struck in anger, says, "I am Roland, who has ever loved you well." "I hear your voice," says Oliver, "but I see you not; forgive me that I struck you." "I have no hurt," says Roland, "here and before God I forgive you." "So saying they lean one to the other, and in that love they are parted." Another characteristic passage is where the Belle Aude of M. Victor Hugo's *Le Mariage de Roland*, the Doña Alda, whose dream is the subject of one of the oldest and most beautiful of the Spanish ballads, comes before Charlemagne on his return to Aix, and asks him, "O est Rollanz?" The Emperor tries to mitigate the blow his answer gives by offering a "mult esføret eschange," his own son Loewis; but Aude makes answer:—

Cest mot moi est estrange.  
Ne placet Deu ne ses seinz (saints) ne ses angles  
Après Rollanz que jo vive remaigne,

and falls lifeless at his feet. The simplicity here is the more noteworthy because in the redaction contained in the later Paris MS. this episode of the Belle Aude is expanded by specifying to nearly four hundred lines, furnishing an excellent example of the development which popular epic poetry undergoes in the course of time.

As to the merits of M. de Julleville's edition, it may be said that it meets the requirements of those who would have the poem in a compact and elegant form, with an honest and judicious text, which neither admits mere conjectural emendation nor rejects sound critical correction, and with prefatory matter and notes which sufficiently enlighten the reader without oppressing him with an overdose of erudition. For the reasons already stated the translation which accompanies the text is not quite so satisfactory as the rest of the work, and as a help to the reader it is, we think, not nearly so efficient as the less ambitious attempt of M. d'Avril. The form of the original is, indeed, skilfully imitated; but it is often at the expense of the substance. In the very third line we find the translator driven to render "la tere altaigne" by "la terre immense"—a vague generality which entirely misses the meaning, as the "terre altaigne" in question was the "highland" or mountainous region lying between the Pyrenees and the Ebro, to which Charlemagne's Spanish expedition was strictly confined. M. de Julleville's geography is, indeed, occasionally somewhat uncertain, as, for instance, in the note upon Cordres, a town besieged and taken by Charlemagne early in the campaign, which is said to be "ville inconue, à moins qu'il ne s'agisse de Cordoue, laquelle est, il est vrai, à cent cinquante lieues de Saragosse." Cordres, there can be no doubt, is the modern town of Cortés on the Ebro, about eight leagues above Saragossa. Again, when Charlemagne is said to have passed by Narbonne, a note says that "This puzzles commentators, because the route from Roncesvalles to Bordeaux does not pass by Narbonne." No doubt; but then Charlemagne, according to the poem, started from Saragossa, not from Roncesvalles, and the road across the eastern Pyrenees by the Col de la Perche would have been in that case a very natural one for him to take.

#### BY PROXY.\*

SINCE he made a decided hit with his *Lost Sir Massingberd*, we do not know that Mr. Payn has written anything more exciting than *By Proxy*. It is true that the excitement is far-fetched both literally and metaphorically, and that there is rather more than a fair proportion of intrinsic improbabilities in the story. But the author carries them off with an easy assurance which makes us forget for the moment to scrutinize them too closely. The plot, although somewhat fantastic, is cleverly and neatly put together; the various parts dovetail into each other very naturally, and there is no denying the strength of many of the situations. And in developing characters which have a good deal of originality, Mr. Payn presents us with a series of rather suggestive psychological studies. One of his leading personages has unmistakably the makings of an unscrupulous rascal in him, and in Ralph Pennycuick a most repulsive nature is very faintly relieved by occasional glimmerings of feeling. But the temptations in which his follies and misfortunes involve the more honourable and good-hearted friend who is travelling with him open up some subtle questions

for casuistry. And if there is considerable originality in the characters and the plot, there is still more decided novelty in the locality which Mr. Payn has selected for his opening incidents. Our romance writers are in the habit of wandering far and wide. They distribute their attentions between the Continent and the British Isles; they go the round of our colonies and garrisons, and now and again they actually venture to lure us into an interest in Indian subjects. But, so far as we remember, it is altogether a new idea to carry their readers up-country in China. We do not know what means the author may have had of informing himself as to the interior of an Empire that has been so very little explored. It is conceivable in these days of promiscuous travel that he may have paid China a flying visit. At all events the supposition seems not inadmissible, if we judge by his pictures of China and the Chinese. It is true that he might take very considerable liberties, and still set his critics at defiance. But at all events he has succeeded in producing, on the whole, an impression of life and reality; although now and then he seems half to forget where he is, and to endow the Celestial dignitaries with English turns of thought.

Mr. Ralph Pennycuick is a man of the world in the narrower sense. He is a widower with an ample fortune and an only son. It is his chief aim to make the most of his life according to his extremely egotistical notions; and, while habitually drinking of the cup of pleasure, he carefully guards an excellent constitution against the excesses and indiscretions that might undermine it. He has snug chambers in the Albany, which he makes his head-quarters when at home; but he loves change of scene and society, and the course of his peregrinations has landed him at Shanghai. There he has planned an expedition up the country, in which his old intimate, Captain Arthur Conway, is his sole companion. Conway fancies that he knows his friend pretty well; but, before all is ended between them, he has reason to know him very much better. He is aware that Pennycuick is essentially a "hard man," and indeed Pennycuick rejoices in the *sobriquets* of "Steel Pen" and "Hard Pen." But he believes him to be a good fellow at bottom, otherwise he would never have consented to accompany him as interpreter on the understanding that Pennycuick is to stand paymaster. His disillusioning begins very speedily, and he is disagreeably enlightened. Pennycuick treats the natives as "niggers," and never bridles his tongue or baulks himself of a fancy out of consideration for their feelings. He makes mortal enemy of the captain of their boat by offering an insult to his pretty daughter; and Fu-chow has soon an opportunity of revenging himself. The boat is lying moored under a famous Buddhist temple, which the travellers are naturally tempted to visit. The shrine boasts of a relic of extraordinary sanctity, being nothing less than a crystallized drop of perspiration from the blessed brow of Buddha. Pennycuick, with his characteristic contempt for his fellow-creatures in general, has a conviction that every Chinaman has his price; and in that he is not very far wrong, although he learns by melancholy experience that the theory may be unduly pushed to extremities. He is confirmed in it by the ease with which he bribes the chief priest to display the holy relic to his unhallowed gaze. But then an insane fancy seizes him; and he acts on an impulse which, it must be admitted, is almost inconceivable in a man of his eminently practical nature. He abstracts the famous relic as a trophy, believing that under the circumstances he may do so with impunity, as it is only exhibited on solemn festivals. He has reckoned, as it happens, without his host. The captain of the boat eagerly seizes on an opportunity of revenging himself, and the crime is brought promptly home to the culprit. Then follow the tragic situations and those questions of casuistry to which we have adverted. It is clear that Pennycuick must be rescued for the purposes of the story, and yet it is hard to guess how this may be brought about. Death with the most diabolical refinements of torture is the doom of his inexpiable offence, and fanatical feeling is so universally excited that the officials, on peril of their lives, are bound to see the sentence executed. Otherwise Pennycuick could have bought himself out of his difficulty, which is the idea that first occurs to him. Had he been a native of China he might have purchased a substitute; such simple business arrangements are carried out every day with the connivance of judges and gaolers. Being unfortunately a foreigner, he must pay in person, and there seems no help for it. At last, after mature reflection, Captain Conway has a proposal to make. An Englishman must be tortured to death, but why should not he be the person? Pennycuick has expressed his readiness to pay an enormous ransom, and Conway has a daughter in England who is unprovided for. If Pennycuick will undertake that the orphaned Nelly shall inherit 20,000*l.*, the thing may be arranged. With all his hardness and selfishness, Pennycuick hesitates. It seems shameful to leave his friend to suffer, even though he is to pay for the reprieve with so much of the fortune he prizes so dearly. But life is sweet; the devil has persuasive arguments to suggest. Pennycuick is assisted to escape, and Conway stays behind to die for him. All these scenes in China are excellent, setting aside their intrinsic unlikelihood; and some of them are made amusing as well, in spite of the background of horrors. The Chinese are sketched just as we can fancy them, cruel, covetous, plausible, and servilely obsequious to any one who can afford to appeal to their cupidity. Money effects anything short of absolute impossibilities. We have more than a glimpse at the horrible secrets of their gloomy prison houses, where innocent witnesses, as well as accused persons, are literally delivered over to the tormentors. After all, these are merely an Oriental exaggeration of

\* *By Proxy*. By James Payn, Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1878.

practices of the London gaols in the days of Jonathan Wild, as they are depicted by Fielding and his contemporaries. The gaoler brutally abuses his power as a means of extracting "garnish"; if the unlucky victims are poor or penniless, so much the worse for them. There is humour too, though of a somewhat grim kind, in the profusion of flowing and flowery phrases under which they flimsily veil their brutality. And Fu-chow, the revengeful captain of the boat, is made in particular cleverly characteristic. Bitter as he is against Pennycuick who has wronged him, he shows himself honestly grateful to Conway who has befriended him. Yet even Fu-chow makes his gratitude a matter of business, and insists on being handsomely paid for his services, although at the risk of losing credit for his real kindness.

Next we are introduced to a fresh set of characters in England, where Ralph Pennycuick's son and heir is passionately in love with Conway's daughter. It is a pleasant change from Chinese dungeons and the cruel civilities of cold-blooded mandarins to gardens on the banks of the Thames at Richmond and quiet chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Naturally the course of true love runs anything but smoothly. Pennycuick, having consented to save himself like a scoundrel, and sacrificed his self-respect in doing so, desperately plunges himself deeper in the mire. On second thoughts he regrets the ransom he has promised, and succeeds in persuading himself that it would be ridiculous to pay it. It follows that his friend's daughter, being left penniless in place of being enriched at his cost as she ought to have been, is no match for the heir to his fortune. But, as we may imagine, the hardened and selfish offender does not escape the penalty of his crimes. Apparently he has redeemed his life for nothing; but in reality he has only obtained a brief reprieve, and he pays dearly for that. Remorse makes him utterly miserable. When he tries ambition as a cure and thinks of entering Parliament, he finds his best-laid schemes mysteriously balked. Some secret enemy has been working against him, and working only too successfully. He figures in painful and discreditable scenes; he takes to drink to drown his wretchedness; finally, there is a miserable deathbed in his chambers in the Albany, with only a confidential valet in attendance. At length his son is left his own master, when he is happily united to the object of his attachment. What really passed in China after Pennycuick effected his escape we leave our readers to gather from the story. The interest is ingeniously sustained, and goes on growing to the last; and, although we may suspect what is to be the explanation of the secrets that puzzle us, we have no certainty on the subject till we are actually enlightened. And if Mr. Pennycuick, who is made the most important person in the story, is intensely and consistently repulsive, if we are shown the more unpleasant aspects of human nature in the passages between him and Conway and the Chinese, on the other hand we have abundance of agreeable relief in the characters of Raymond Pennycuick and Nelly Conway. Raymond Pennycuick is in every respect the opposite of his cold-blooded father, and we cannot say much more in his favour; while Nelly, with a gentleness which is compatible with abundant strength and self-will when it is a question of sacrificing herself for the good of her lover, shows herself in every way worthy of Raymond. Altogether, the novel is eminently readable, and if its sensation sometimes verges on extravagance, we must remember that the East is the land of romance, and that a writer may be permitted a certain license when he strays away into those unfamiliar regions and dons the mantle of the author of the *Arabian Nights*.

#### BARCLAY'S TALMUD.\*

**N**OT a little has been said of late years about the Talmud. For English readers generally the word had no very definite meaning at the time when the Bishop of Natal was charged with undermining the authority of the historical books of which the Talmud was an elaborate exposition. The title of this almost unknown work might be associated in their minds with vague ideas of ponderous treatises not easily accessible and not greatly to be sought after; but of the times and the mode in which the mighty tomes of this commentary came into existence, of the nature and the value of its contents, they knew nothing, and few probably had much desire to be enlightened on the subject. It seemed, however, that something like a popular interest in these matters might be excited when, in the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Deutsch published eleven years ago the well-known paper which seemed to give promise of a richer harvest in the future, and which even in the compass of a few pages removed many prevalent misconceptions and furnished incitement for a systematic examination of these mysterious volumes. But Mr. Deutsch rather overdid his part. Wishing to exhibit in their most attractive form the authorized interpretations of the books which contained the history and set forth the creed of his forefathers, he spoke much as if he were handling his subject for the first time; and yet, when he wrote, even ordinary readers might learn something about it from Dean Milman's *History of the Jews*, while the scholar could take himself to the Latin version of the whole Mishna by Surenhusse, or the German translation of Rabe. Of the German also large portions had been translated, and might be read either in published volumes or in manuscript. But, although Mr. Deutsch made the most of the supposed novelty of his theme, he was even more anxious to show that the faith and philosophy of the Talmud

were the highest that the world had yet seen, and that Christianity could exhibit nothing surpassing its wisdom, its tender and generous sympathy, its impartial righteousness, its all-embracing charity. Nor can it fairly be denied that he had some colour for his conclusions. We begin to feel some misgiving only when we remember that eager admirers of Islam have in much the same way shown the Koran to be the stronghold of all that is merciful, forbearing, and tolerant, and that it is idle to cite particular passages as embodying certain ideas, unless we can prove that those ideas are in harmony with the general spirit of the book, and are manifestly intended to be acted upon without reservation.

The great purpose which Mr. Deutsch had at heart was to convince Englishmen that the Talmud furnished the fairest field for the legitimate exercise of the unfettered intellect, that the human mind could find here the best materials to aid it in its search for truth, and all that could satisfy its aspirations after an unfailing order and a perfectly righteous law. In an article published about six years later, the *Edinburgh Review* made short work of these notions by speaking of the Talmud as the most irresistible organ ever forged for the subjugation of the human will. The writer went on to give a summary of its contents; but no summary, however ample, could give any adequate idea of their general character. A reviewer might quote some of the sentences which he regarded as both beautiful and true, or others which might to him seem false and mischievous; but his readers would nevertheless have to take his conclusions for the most part on his authority, without submitting them to a careful scrutiny. For such readers a volume which would really enable them to form their own judgment would be a distinct boon; and we may therefore express our thanks to Dr. Barclay for laying before us a translation of seventeen treatises from the Mishna, which exhibit in its chief aspects the huge fabric raised by rabbinical interpreters of the moral and ceremonial law of the Pentateuch. Had Dr. Barclay been able to treat his great subject with anything like the animation and zeal displayed by Mr. Deutsch, the gain would have been great indeed. As it is, his readers will look rather to his translations than to his introduction; and it is well that they should practically be obliged to do so. It is time that the value of the Talmud for the world of Christendom should be measured with some approach to accuracy, and that we should cease to insist on the vast importance of this storehouse of Jewish learning unless we have some good grounds for thinking that the study of it may be made congenial to European minds.

Dr. Barclay has done his work with something of the narrowness popularly ascribed to missionaries trained in stiff dogmatic schools. The treatises which he has selected for translation have been chosen, he tells us, because they illustrate Bible teaching. The phrase might, with advantage, have been more definite; and when he adds that they "contain the particular mode of thought against which the deepest woes of the New Testament are denounced," we might be tempted to reply that more than one mode of thought is condemned in the many books which make up the New Testament, and that we would gladly learn the special form which vitiates the Talmud. Here and there Dr. Barclay finds fault with what may be called the narrow view of Talmudic writers, while he seems to enforce a scarcely less narrow view of his own. In the contradictions to be found in various parts of this huge collection he is quite ready to see evidence "fatal to its claim of equality with Holy Scripture," forgetting the retort to which a like argument directed against the miraculous element in Christian hagiography lies open. Like the lives of the Saints, the Talmud has what its adherents admit to be its legendary or romance part; and Dr. Barclay seems to be angry with them for not treating it with greater respect. If a wise man, says Maimonides, takes these histories and proverbs in their literal sense and thinks them bad, he will say, "This is foolishness, and in so doing he says nothing at all against the foundation of the faith." Dr. Barclay implies that he would be saying much not only against Jewish, but against Christian, faith. It may be well, therefore, to remind him that a thinker so calm and judicious as Bishop Thirlwall could insist that traditions of a like kind had no more to do with the faith of Christendom than the rule of three or the squaring of the circle.

Such points of difference as these are, however, of slight importance as compared with the general impression which is likely to be left by these treatises on minds to whom they come with the attraction or the repulsion of novelty. This impression must depend largely on the arrangement of the materials; and in this, from his own point of view, Dr. Barclay is perhaps not less wise than Mr. Deutsch. The latter kept in the background, so far as he well could, all that would be least likely to please, or most sure to revolt, the Christian or European mind; the former gives without comment the treatises which illustrate the methods of the most illustrious of Jewish commentators and interpreters, leaving his readers, if need be, to cross a wearying desert before they reach some small oasis. If they have perseverance enough to carry them patiently through the whole volume, they will probably be most of all astonished at the growth of habits of thought and expression of which the books of the Old Testament give but the faintest inklings. The most intricate ceremonialism of the Rig Veda or the Puranas seems plainness itself as compared with the casuistical subtleties and distinctions of the Talmudic theologians. Expressions and passages from the devotional or prophetic books of the Jewish Canon which, taken by themselves, carry us into the purest spiritual region, are quoted only to be derived of all

\* *The Talmud.* By Joseph Barclay, LL.D. London: Murray. 1878.

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their beauty and power by some marvellous turn of thought which turns the pure ore into the dullest dross. If such is the general character of Talmudic teaching, it is well perhaps that the reader should have to wade through masses of dogmatic puerilities before he is refreshed by some portions (and they are only portions) of the treatise on "The Fathers." We seem to breathe the air of the mountains as we read the words of Rabbi Simon, son of Gamaliel:—"I have all my life been brought up among wise men, and never found anything so good for the body as silence; neither is the study of the law the principal thing, but its practice." And again:—"The duration of the world depends on three things, justice, truth, and peace, as is said, judge truth and justice and peace on your gates." In the same spirit Rabbi Tarphon says:—"The day is short, the labour vast; but the labourers are slothful, though the reward is great and the Master of the house presseth for despatch." "It is not incumbent on thee to complete the work, neither art thou free to cease from it. If thou hast studied the law, great shall be thy reward, for the Master of thy work is faithful to pay the reward of thy labour; but know that the reward of the righteous is in the world to come." It is refreshing to read the genial words of Rabbi Simon:—"He who journeys on the road, meditating on the law, and ceases therefrom to admire this beautiful tree or that beautiful fallow ground, is considered in Scripture as endangering his life"; nor is there anything which calls up any less agreeable feeling in the enumeration of the forty-eight things needed by those who would acquire a knowledge of the law, among these being an understanding and intelligent heart, slowness to anger, a sincere love of God and of his creatures. To the Christian or the Aryan mind the change is as bewildering as it is oppressive when we turn to the interminable dogmatic subtleties and refinements which seem to have furnished to the Talmudic theologians a life-long and unfailing delight. On the Sabbath lamps may not be lit "with cedar moss, nor with unbacked flax, nor with floss silk, nor with a wick of willow, nor with weeds from the surface of water, nor with pitch, nor with wax, nor with castor-oil, nor with the defiled oil of heave-offering, nor with the tail, nor with the fat." Nahum the Median, we are told, said that they may light with cooked fat; but the Sages say, "whether cooked or uncooked, they must not light with it." We read with simple amazement the comment:—"When one slaughtered the passover, but not for its eaters, or not for those numbered to eat it, for uncircumcised, and for unclean persons?" "He is guilty." "For its eaters and not for its eaters? For its reckoning and not for its reckoning? For circumcised and uncircumcised? For clean and unclean?" "He is free." "He slaughtered it, and it was found blemished." "He is guilty." "He slaughtered it, and it was found torn in secret." "He is free." "He slaughtered it, and it became known that its owners retired from it or died, or became legally unclean." "He is free, because he slaughtered it with lawful permission." Not less wonderful are the precepts for everyday life and practice. "A woman must not go out with an eyed needle, nor with a signet ring, nor with a spiral head-dress, nor with a scent-box, nor with a bottle of musk; and, if she go out, she is guilty of a sin offering." So said Rabbi Meier. The Sages more considerably "absolve the scent-box and the bottle of musk." The casuistry of murder is more astonishing. The intention of the criminal was "to smite his loins, and there was not sufficient force in the blow to cause death in his loins, and it passed to his heart, and there was sufficient force in the blow to cause death in his heart, and he died?" "He is free." We may perhaps be amused as well as amazed as we read that "his intention was to smite him in his heart, and there was sufficient force in the blow to cause death on his heart, and it passed on to his loins, and there was not sufficient force in the blow to cause death on his loins; but he died?" "He is free" (p. 197).

Such distinctions as these may be dismissed without remark. There is little use in urging scholars to the wearisome task of sifting tons of sand for a few grains of gold, or in warning others against spending time on such a quest. Among the former a few happily will, for the benefit of the world generally, brace themselves to the work without incitement; upon the rest the charms of Talmudic subtleties and refinements will be paraded in vain. There is, however, much to be learnt by those who will grope their way through the wilderness, and for such Dr. Barclay's volume affords sufficient guidance and help.

## RUNEBERG'S SONGS.\*

WHEN the peace of Frederikshamn, in 1809, completed the separation of Finland from Sweden, the inhabitants of the great province which had thus been rudely torn from the mother-country could not at first reconcile themselves to their bereavement, and continued secretly to nourish the vain hope of restoration. But soon it became plain to them that Sweden could no longer hope to be mistress of the Baltic, and that by a geographical no less than an historical necessity Finland must in future form part of Russia. A new race grew up with new hopes and aspirations, in whom the idea of the great Porthan—an idea which in his own day had seemed almost ridiculous—took root and blossomed. This idea was the social and literary, if not the political, independence of

Finland. The language of the conquerors was a difficult one, understood only by a small percentage of the inhabitants, and a milder policy than prevailed at Warsaw and at Revel prevented the Russians from forbidding or restricting the use of Swedish at the Universities. Finland had always enjoyed a very considerable intellectual vitality; for more than two centuries it had supplied Sweden with some of her ablest bishops, generals, and poets. The question now was, how best to concentrate this vitality for the enlightenment and prosperity of Finland itself. This peaceful ambition sufficed to employ the young intelligence of the country, and to prevent any vain and fatal effort at reversing the fortune of conquest. But the memories of the war, even because they were so utterly hopeless, took a sacred and classic character at once, and formed a serious basis on which the education of the next generation was founded. The names of the great generals who had fought on the Swedish side and had fallen—the names of Aldercreutz, Sandels, and Döbeln—had a magical significance in the ears of this mournful and imaginative people. Around the veterans that survived the war there gathered a kind of romance, and youths and maidens would cluster round them in the summer evenings to hear for the hundredth time the story of the fall of Sveaborg, of the bloody day on the meadows of Oravais, of the hopeless fight by Idensalmi Church. It was in 1820 that a young Finnish student listened to the stories of such an old soldier at Ruovesi. He himself, a child of four, had seen the great Döbeln in the streets of his birthplace, Jakobstad, in 1808; and there rose in him the desire of crystallizing these tales of patriotism, before they could fade, into the undying form of poetic art.

The young man who was thus unconsciously preparing himself to be the representative of the Finnish nation, the centre around whom all the hopes and ambitions of his country should revolve, was named Jakob Ludvig Runeberg. His father was a captain in the merchant service, whose slender means were straitened painfully by the presence of six children, of whom our poet was the eldest. The latter was adopted, for the relief of this pressure at home, by an uncle at Uleåborg, and at the age of eighteen he went to the University of Åbo, where he remained until 1827. Till he entered his twenty-fifth year the young Runeberg showed no great precocity of genius; he rhymed freshly and pleasantly in the manner of Franzén, at that time the leading poet of Finland. As a matter of fact these seaport towns, Jakobstad, Uleåborg, Åbo, with their cosmopolitan character, did not strongly attract or move him. But one warm autumn afternoon in 1827 the city of Åbo was burnt to the ground, never again to take its old position as the head of culture in Finland. The University migrated to Helsingfors; but Runeberg, who had just been made doctor of philosophy, determined to seek his fortunes elsewhere. He accepted a tutorship in a house far away at Saarijärvi, in the interior of the country, burying himself among the lakes and forests, and studying the primeval life of the peasants to its most intimate features. For three years he held himself thus in voluntary exile, developing his genius with incredible rapidity. When he reappeared in civilized society he brought with him the credentials which were to give him the foremost place among the Scandinavian writers of his age. Like Goethe, he was greatly impressed by some extracts which he saw taken from Servian folk-songs, and he translated into Swedish a whole collection of these. But what was more important was that during his stay at Saarijärvi he wrote his national epic of *Elyskytarne*, "The Elk Hunters," perhaps the most original and powerful single poem existing in the Swedish language. In this poem we see the genuine Finnlander of the woods, with his rough and Homeric hospitality, his habitual melancholy, his fits of wild humour, set in a landscape, painted in the most vivid colours, with endless winding lake and hanging forest, a vast monotony of mountain, wood, and water. It was a very singular thing that this new and untutored poet, rising in the midst of a romantic people and in a romantic age, had nothing in common with the prevailing romanticism. In Germany, in France, in Sweden the young poets were all *en costume d'origine*, and Finland, of course, imitated its greater neighbours. But from the first Runeberg was realistic and classic; he had no sympathy, indeed, with the pseudo-antique of the seventeenth century, but the veritable art of ancient Greece fascinated and possessed him. He had a passionate love of form and a sense of the dignity and harmony of art; his poems are remarkable for their breadth of style, and when he is at his best he reminds us most of Homer. Among Scandinavians there is only one man with whom he is in communion; and that is not a poet at all, but the sculptor Thorwaldsen. It is interesting to note that in the next generation this passion for form has taken its more obvious direction. The eldest son of the poet, Walter Runeberg, has attained more eminence as a sculptor than any of his countrymen; an excellent work of his is to be found in the Paris Exhibition this year.

In 1830 Runeberg received the chair of Roman Literature at the University of Helsingfors. He married the daughter of the Archbishop; he edited a leading newspaper; he published one brilliant volume of poems after another. But he never forgot the early ambition of his youth, and, as he found the stories of the war of independence slowly slipping out of men's memories, he determined to give them a lasting record. Already, in the story of the fire-arm in the second book of *Elyskytarne*, in the episode of Potemkin in the romance of *Nadeschda*, and elsewhere in his works, he had incidentally introduced scenes from the war; but he was now about to dedicate an entire book to this truly national

\* *Johan Ludvig Runeberg's Lyrical Songs, Idylls, and Epigrams*. Done into English by Eiríkr Magnússon and E. H. Palmer. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

and inspiring theme. In 1848 appeared the first part of *Fänrik Ståls Sägner* ("Ensign Stål's Tales"). The whole collection forms a cycle of thirty-four songs and ballads, supposed to be sung by an old veteran who served as ensign under the Swedish generals in 1808. The series commences with the song that has become the Finnish national anthem, and the very "Marseillaise" of Scandinavian sentiment:—

Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fosterland.  
Ljud högt, o dyra ord!  
Ej lyfts en höjd mot himlens rand,  
Ej sinks en dal, ej sköljs en strand,  
Mer utskad än vår bygd i nord,  
An våra filders jord.

The cycle continues with one clear picture of patriotic heroism after another. In the rich, sonorous Swedish verse we learn to recognize the features of the famous men and women that the war time produced; the village girl who weeps and will not be comforted because her sweetheart has come back to her unwounded; the drummer-boy who congratulates himself on having attained the fighting age of fifteen years; Sven Dufva, the stupid sergeant, with his one blind thought of duty; and we understand how it was that this book raised Runeberg at once to the highest pinnacle of popularity in Finland. There never was such a success as this book had; noble and peasant, high-born and low-born, alike accepted with tears of enthusiasm these ballads, in which the most romantic and most melancholy period of the nation's history was embalmed. When in later life the poet settled in the little town of Borgå, where he died last year, it became a byword with the people that Finland's head might be at Helsingfors, but its heart beat at Borgå.

Of the masterpieces of this healthy and primitive genius, on one side of his nature so remote from our busy age, and on the other side so close to its realistic and popular tendencies, Messrs. Magnusson and Palmer have not, in the volume before us, attempted to give us any examples. They have restricted themselves to the translation of Runeberg's minor poems, carefully eschewing all that does not fall within the compass of a short lyric. The miscellaneous and occasional pieces of Runeberg, however, are far from representing the most powerful or original side of his poetical work. They are exceedingly difficult to reproduce in English, on account of their abundance of feminine rhymes, and also in some measure on account of the frequent practice among Swedish poets, and Runeberg in particular, of writing in trochees instead of iambs. A long line in trochees is rarely attempted in English; and, unless treated by a master of versification, it is apt to be flat and poor. The present translators, in their laudable ambition to reproduce the exact form of the original, have been painfully cramped by the necessity of using trochees. Here is an example of a little poem, bright and interesting in subject, but spoiled to the ear by the weakness of the verse:—

In the field, as golden sheaves I tied up,  
Stood beside me there the youthful Adolf,  
In his hand he held a scythe, his gun was  
Leaning 'gainst a stump upon the border;  
But within the marsh that lay below it,  
Near the strand, a teal cried in the rushes.  
To the gun then sprang the brave young sportsman;  
But his arm I seized, at once, and prayed him:  
"Let alone the poor teal, do, my Adolf!"  
Leave her undisturbed if but for my sake."  
Instantly his gun he put aside then,  
And took to his scythe as glad as ever.  
But within my mind I often ponder:  
Strange indeed is he, the handsome Adolf;  
For a friendly word from my lips falling,  
Leaves he what his heart doth most delight in;  
If my eyes thou heavy glances at him  
He does gladly what he once avoided,  
For a friendly kiss and fond embraces,  
I believe, he'd go through fire and water.

As an example of the translators' success when less trammelled by difficulties of measure we may quote "The Bird-Catcher," only lamenting that the arch grace of the two last lines has been lost by the abrupt turn given to them in the English version. The original is quaint and naive, but not grotesque:—

I walk along the woodland ways,  
And up in fir and pine I gaze,  
And oft enough the birds I see,  
But none fly near to me.  
They all appear to fly away  
Whene'er my trap I chance to lay,  
And empty-handed, as I come,  
I have to wend towards home.  
I ought to see with grief and dread  
How badly has my fowling sped;  
But let it fail me as it will,  
I am contented still.  
One snare, I still have left behind,  
I never yet did empty find,  
As glad the bird for it will make,  
As I the same shall take.  
And when to-night my home is made,  
For that bird shall my trap be laid,  
That bird's name is my girl—my lap  
Is that girl's very trap.

It is a great pity that the care of the translators, who have certainly expended on their labour a great deal of scholarship, should not have been rewarded with more definite success. But it must in truth be said that the versification is rarely as good as it

should be, and there is hardly one poem which is not marred by some awkwardness of expression. This, however, is really a minor matter; to the accuracy and minute truth of the translation every compliment can justly be paid. Mr. Magnusson has prefixed to the volume a valuable little study on the life and writings of Runeberg.

#### THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS.\*

ALTHOUGH scholars may be found to resent the caricature of the Italo-Latin scholars which Erasmus draws in his *Ciceronian*, none will deny that in his *Colloquies* the friend of More and rival of Budaeus left ample evidence of the serviceable work-a-day character of his own Latinity. A writer capable of such telling satire as Erasmus had at command might have sought in vain for a more powerful vehicle of expression; and it is one great test of the pungency of his work that translations such as that before us, the reprint of Bailey the lexicographer, not unfrequently fail to represent adequately the point and force of the original. There is, however, some compensation for this drawback in that it necessitates the supervising vigilance of a practised scholar to compare the translation with the original, and to furnish a commentary to the latter, wherein, besides the closer renderings of the text which his reading has enabled him to offer, may be grouped such a store of philological, antiquarian, and historical notes as is sure to add a further charm to volumes already attractive. When we find Mr. Johnson, who, it will be recollect, lent a helping hand to Mr. Roberts of Boston, the editor and publisher of the annotated reprint of Erasmus's *Apophthegms*, undertaking for Bailey's *Colloquies of Erasmus* the office we have indicated, we may approach the examination of his task with hope and confidence, on account both of his due appreciation of the interest of the subject, and of his competence to grapple with it. He says, with truth, that "The *Colloquies of Erasmus* form a rich quarry of intellectual material, from which each student will extract that which he regards to be of peculiar value. The linguist, the antiquary, the observer of life and manners, the historian, the moralist, the theologian, may all find themselves attracted to these pages." We have in time past noticed with favour a little volume of *Select Colloquies*, arranged for translation and retranslation by Dr. Lowe, of Hurstpierpoint; and in examining this present edition of Bailey's translation we have had occasion frequently to refer to a charming French version of the *Colloquies*, in three octavo volumes, by Victor Develay (1875), which is really an *édition de luxe*. If we are to judge from this supply to students across the Channel that there is a livelier demand for the most popular, if not the most satirical or eruditely, work of Erasmus, it will not have been labour lost to see how far a careful revision of the Georgian translation by Nathan Bailey, philologist (1728-42), serves the purpose of acquiring or refreshing an acquaintance which is worth having made. In the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 106 (pp. 1-58), there are given two or three passing sketches of "The Shipwreck," the "Fish-eating," "The Inquisition of Faith," "The Pilgrimage," and, subtlest of all, "The Franciscan Obsequies" dialogues. All are directed against the most patent inconsistencies of Popish superstition; but it is needless to dwell on these assaults when any of the less personal and pointed dialogues may supply passing illustrations of the author's method in exploding superstition. For instance, in the Colloquy on Rash Vows the dialogue turns on pilgrimages to Jerusalem and other holy places; and Cornelius, who is at pains to enumerate the few gains he has got by his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, takes comfort in his friend Arnold's admission that he has been guilty of the like folly, in a religious journey to St. Peter's at Rome and St. James's at Compostella. The experience of all is the same, that the pilgrims return *nudiores leberide*; literally, as Johnson notes, "barer than a serpent's slough," but, as Bailey somewhat lazily puts it, "poorer than Job." The pilgrim who had worn the scallop shell and joined three other somewhat bulbous companions in a visit to both places, decided upon under the inspiration of pot-valiancy, confesses to the uncertain tutelage of the patron saints, when he owns to the loss of no less than three comrades; "one died by the way, and gave us charge to give his humble service to Peter and James; another died at Rome, who bade us remember him to his wife and children; the third we left at Florence dangerously ill, and I believe he is in heaven before now." "Was he then," asks the interlocutor, "so good a man?" "The veriest droll in nature," is the answer. "Why do you think he is in heaven, then?" Because," says Arnold, as a reply carrying conviction, "he had a whole satchel full of large indulgences." The only risk of these not serving his purpose, we gather in the context, lies in the contingency of his happening "on some spirit ignorant of Latin, in which case he must go back to Rome and get a new passport."

The next colloquy, "Of Benefit-Hunters," is eminently smart and satirical, as well as full of learning and observation, and with the help of Mr. Johnson, Bailey's occasional tameness of paraphrase is adequately remedied. When, however, the benefit-hunter Pamphagus comes home *re infecta* from Rome, and, using a hunting simile, says "Delic parum favit," "I had no success," is a very inefficient rendering of the reference to the Goddess Artemis. A part of the humour of this dialogue consists in the suggestion of Coclea to Pamphagus that he will show him where to

\* *The Colloquies of Erasmus*. Translated by N. Bailey. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. E. Johnson, M.A. London: Reeves & Turner. 1878.

find not merely 100, but as many as 100,000 ducats. When the other is bursting with expectancy, he is met by the cold comfort "Ex Asse Budæi"—a kind of reference which Erasmus is ever making to his learned contemporaries, such as Colet, Linacre, Grocyn, Latimer, and others, and, at the same time, a quasi-Aristophanic surprise, fulfilling the word of promise to the ear, but not in the spirit and reality. In this instance the French translator's rendering "Dans le Traité de la monnaie de Budé" supersedes the need of explanation, which Bailey's "from the Asse Budæi" egregiously provokes, and which, of course, Mr. Johnson fully supplies. In the colloquy on the "Soldier's Life" we are amused to find a very happy skit by anticipation at the ubiquitousness and self-sufficiency of "our own correspondent" on the battlefield. Whereas Thrasimachus's experience is that, during the fight, "there was such a hallooing, hurly burly, noise of guns, trumpets and drums, neighing of horses and shouting of men, that I was so far from knowing what others were adoing that I scarce knew where I was myself," his friend Hanno pertinently asks how it comes about "that others, after a fight is over, do paint you out every circumstance so to the life, and tell you what such an officer said and what t'other did as tho' they had been nothing but lookers-on all the time and had been everywhere at the same time?" And the candid answer is one which illustrates a celebrated expression of Horace in what may be called the logical "second intention," "Ego credo illos mentiri splendide." "It's my opinion they lie confoundedly," or "A mon avis, ce sont de fameux menteurs." In this same dialogue we have a foretaste of the raps at patron saints and preaching orders in the soldier's avowal that he had no fear of death because he had commended himself to St. Barbara, who, he was certain, gave him a nod and a wink (it was after supper), and also to "St. Christopher the collier, a sure card to trust to" ("Nimirum haud siculum præsidium erat carbonarius ille Christoporus"), where from the context and Mr. Johnson's explanation we gather that the saint was drawn in charcoal on the tent cloth, and that there is a pun on the Greek and Latin expression "fig-men" for our "men-of-straw" or "good-for-noughts."

Mr. Johnson does not profess to be exhaustive in his annotations; but it may be confidently said that he has done enough in illustration of both the Latin of Erasmus and the English of Bailey to facilitate and simplify the understanding of the one by the other. Often, indeed, a note by Mr. Johnson will be found devoted to the interpretation of the English paraphrase, as may be shown by an example in an early page of the first volume, where for the Latin words "Macie pellicula totus, et ariditate crepitans," we have, "You are so thin a body may see through you," and are "as dry as a kecks." The expression will be familiar to Wiltshire and Gloucestershire folks, and no doubt to inhabitants of other counties. Our annotator is in accord with the botanists and naturalists in referring it "to the stalk of the hemlock, the big white flowering weed so common in ditches and among rubbish and ruins," which in autumn becomes as brown and dry as if baked in an oven. If we may judge from the apt quotation from Mr. Tennyson's *Princess*—

Let the past be past: let be  
Their cancell'd Babes; tho' the rough *hex* break  
The starr'd mosaic—

we should surmise that the adage is in force in Lincolnshire. Three or four pages further on Mr. Johnson rightly calls attention to the translator's vagueness, which substitutes "Nature a little too severe" for the proverbial Latin which represents nature as "too much of a stepmother." Perhaps, however, Mr. Johnson might have pointed out that Quintilian, xii. 1-2, whom he quotes, was no doubt quoting on his own part from the Greeks before him; for *Æschylus*'s telling expression *μητρὶα νέων* said of dangerous rocks (*Prom. V. 727*) is tolerably well known, and the passage of Quintilian seems to have had Plato's *Menexenus* (237 B) in view. In reference to the flat denial of a person's being at home made with his own lips to a visitor, which, in the *Colloquy on Family Discourse*, introduces Erasmus's quotation of "Non omnibus dormio," a story and apophthegm referred by Plutarch to Mæcenas and Galba—it strikes us that the annotator has hardly traced far enough the classical associations of the repartee. It is needless, however, to say that the joke has been frequently plagiarized, or that Erasmus has been a very mine for dealers in the repartee, as well as the adage and the apophthegm. Almost in the next page to that which called forth our last remark, in answer to the assurance that the company were talking of him, and to the citation of "Talk of the Devil, &c.," Mopsus accepts the statement because "his left ear tingled, and so the company must have been saying no good of him." Mr. Johnson cites the *locus classicus* from Pliny, and appropriately adds Sir Thomas Browne's connexion of the superstition with that of the guardian angel touching the right or left ear according as the talk was favourable or the reverse. He might have added that the same belief attached to the throbbing of right or left eye, or even eyebrow, for in Theocritus, iii. 37, we have *ἀλλεραι δύθαλμός μοι ε δέξιος*; and in Plaut. *Pseud. I. ii. 105*, "Ita supercilium salit."

But there are so many illustrations of Erasmus to be collected from the Latin commentaries, as well as from the latest English annotator, that one knows not where either to begin or to stop. Here we may find the original of many a venerable saw; there the derivation of many a good English word. Occasionally allowance must be made for a translator's anachronism, as where Bailey renders "Is vel Orbilio plagiior est," in utter disregard of the date of the *Colloquies*—namely, 1524—"He's a greater Whip-

master than Busby," who ruled Westminster from 1640 to 1695. Or for a verbal slip, as where he renders "vinum Belnense," "Berne wine," instead of "Beaune wine," the still esteemed vintage. This, of course, might well be a printer's error. But in proportion to the sound and solid scraps of information to be derived, the good stories to be booked for reproduction, the helps to tracing home certain words and phrases—e.g. Jack Ketch (218), Catherine's Wheel (228), David's Sow (243), "Running the Gantlope" (266), where the last word is, i.e. a "rod or switch"—and so forth, the omissions of Mr. Johnson—as, indeed, his doubtful explanations—are commendably few, and we can honestly recommend those who desire a smooth, if not royal road, to the study of one of the liveliest, wittiest, and most readable works of Erasmus to invest in these volumes.

#### CLARK'S TRAMWAYS.\*

THE tram-car, as applied to passenger traffic, comes to us from across the Atlantic, but the use of the tramway itself as a means of locomotion dates back in some form or other to a period beyond definite knowledge. There has been a silly idea of deriving the name from one Outram, the engineer who was supposed to have first brought tramways into use in England. But the fact is that "tram" is a good old English word for a shaft, allied to *train* and *track*, which has become in the North the local name for a coal-waggon; and, however recent may have been the laying down of iron rails or tracks, the tramway or tramroad was practically at work as soon as ways of stone or wood were laid along the road to take off the friction of wheels. If the practice is not so clearly to be traced in the level lava blocks of Roman roads, the use of such expedients is common enough in modern Italy to suggest that it has antiquity not far from classic. As long as two centuries ago the want of roads, or of good roads, for heavy, continuous traffic led to the adoption in our own mineral districts of rails or tramways made of wood, chiefly for the conveyance to the sea-coast of coal, which was rapidly supplanting wood as fuel. In the first instance, our forefathers were led to lay down planks or sleepers of timber at the bottom of the ruts, and next to place them in preference on the level surface. The development of the tramway system from that point to the present day has been traced with much pains, and with a degree of clearness which calls for our thanks in Mr. Kinnear Clark's recently published treatise. His thorough acquaintance with the subject, at once theoretical and practical, is shown in the exhaustive survey which he gives us of the tramway's extension all over the world, and in the full information that he is able to supply, not only from an engineering point of view, but in illustration of the economical bearing of tramways. His object has been to place before engineers, investors, and financiers alike a succinct analysis of the past practice and present achievements in the way of tramway construction. And technical as must of necessity be a work dealing so largely in mechanical and statistical details, there is much in it to render the volume one of interest to the unprofessional reader.

As early as the year 1676 rails of oak or other hard wood are shown by Mr. Clark to have been in use in the colliery districts of England. Not long after this time it became a common practice to nail down bars of wrought iron on the top of the timber sleepers. It was found that, whereas a horse upon the common road could draw 8 barrels, or 17 cwt., of coal, his power of draught upon the tramway amounted to 19 barrels, or 42 cwt. The wrought-iron bars not being rigid enough to prevent bending or breaking at the ends under the weight of the trucks, the use of cast iron was introduced by the Coalbrook Dale Iron Company in 1767. The rails were cast in lengths of 5 feet 4 inches wide and 1*1*/*4* inch thick, with three holes whereby they were nailed down to the longitudinal wooden sleepers, the whole being kept true to gauge by cross-sleepers of wood of about the length of the ordinary carriage or wagon axle. Here was the germ of the development of the modern locomotive system. On the introduction of steam it became needful that the traffic should be kept apart from that of the common roads; and that the new tracks should be subject to gradients and curves suited to the locomotive. The main lines of communication were thus rapidly occupied by a network of railways. A reaction, however, set in on its being found that railways, besides their vast expense, were lacking in adaptability to the subordinate lines of traffic which followed roads and streets.

The convenient and unpretentious tramway began to be again thought of, worked as of old by horse-power upon common roads. It was in the United States that the modern tramroad was earliest employed, the first section of the New York and Haarlem line being laid down in 1832 to a gauge of 4 feet 8*1*/*2* inches. It proved, however, unpopular, and was soon taken up. Twenty years later M. Loubat, a French engineer, obtained leave to lay down a line of street tramways in New York, which rapidly expanded and became the distinguishing feature of traffic in most American cities and towns, in which the streets are laid out in a way better adapted to this mode of locomotion than is the narrow and winding street of our older country, while the number of other vehicles is comparatively far less. The illustrative section given by Mr. Clark shows the fearless way in which the first New York tram

\* *Tramways; their Construction and Working, &c.* By D. Kinnear Clark, C.E., &c. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1878.

rails were proportioned, the portentous grooves which yawned to bury the light wheels of ordinary carriages causing an unsophisticated describer to speak of them as "having a sort of iron-gutter attached to each on their inside edge." The danger and nuisance of this gutter were mitigated by a device of Mr. Light, an English engineer, who laid down in Boston, U.S., in 1856-57 a tram-rail in which the depth of the groove was limited to three-fourths of an inch, whilst its inner side was carried up with a flat slope so formed that mud or small stones could be readily cleared away by the flanges of the car-wheels. These rails of cast iron, in lengths of 6 feet and 8 feet, weighing 75 lbs. to the yard, with dowels and cores interlocking at the ends, were after several years replaced by rails of wrought iron. Another type of tramway, called the step rail, was introduced into Philadelphia, and is still in common use throughout most of the American cities; the main objection to it being that the flat step or plate affords no good foothold for horses, whether those of the car itself or those of other vehicles; while its rise above the ground causes a serious strain to the axles and wheels of carriages crossing the line. It has, on the other hand, the advantage over the groove-rail, that the flange of the car is always free, there being no groove for the lodgment of obstructive pebbles and mud, and nothing to seize the wheels of ordinary vehicles. The gauge of tramway-rails in the United States is for the most part the familiar narrow railway gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. Lines on this principle have been widely extended through the chief cities of the Union. In New York State alone there were, in 1875, eighty-seven street railway Companies, having an aggregate length of 433 miles open to traffic.

The earliest invasion of this country by the tramway was attempted by Mr. G. F. Train in association with Mr. James Samuel, C.E., in 1857. It failed mainly through the opposition of Sir B. Hall, then Chief Commissioner of Works, who dwelt upon the nuisance and risk that it would occasion to ordinary street-traffic, and the difficulty of keeping the rails or plates in permanent order. In 1860 the first line was laid at Birkenhead by permission of the Commissioners of that town. In the next year the experiment was tried in London, under sanction of the local authorities, between the Marble Arch and Notting Hill Gate. But a few months were enough to sicken the public with the innovation, and the whole thing was done away with. This failure gave a death-blow to the step rail in this country, the Northern tramways being barely saved by the substitution of the narrow, flat, grooved rail. Innumerable have been the diversities of pattern brought forward to meet the objections to street tramways. A large portion of Mr. Clark's book is taken up with the specification and illustration of them, together with statistics of their prime cost and expense of maintenance. What was called the crescent rail of Mr. Noble formed the basis of the original scheme of Liverpool tramways, the earliest system authorized by Parliament in 1868. This scheme is described as a kind of Catherine wheel, consisting of an inner circle a mile and a quarter long, from which two lines fly off. The type of rail finally adopted was formed with a flat level surface, having a narrow groove to receive and guide the wheel flanges. Along the straight-broad streets of towns like Liverpool and Birkenhead the tramway system was soon found to work without serious drawback to the great convenience of the public. Its success led to the authorization by Parliament in 1869 of the North Metropolitan Tramways on the Whitechapel, Mile End, and Bow Road, along part of which there had been laid from time beyond living memory the aboriginal tramway of stone. Extensions to Aldgate at the west, and to Stratford, Leytonstone, and Bromley at the east end, were sanctioned two years later, and altogether 30½ miles of tramway were authorized to that Company. In 1869 Acts were passed for the construction of the Kennington, Brixton, and Clapham routes from Westminster Bridge, as well as from Pimlico, by Vauxhall, to Greenwich. These systems were ere long amalgamated and extended under the name of the London Tramways Company, comprising in 1871 twenty-five miles of streets. Lines were laid in 1870 from the south end of Hampstead Road to Lower Holloway, and from King's Cross to Kentish Town by the London Street Tramways Company; and by the year 1876 upwards of sixty-one miles of tramway had been opened in the streets of the metropolis. The sister capitals were not slow in following the example. In Edinburgh, where the gradients are severe and the cost of construction and maintenance in consequence enhanced, a total of 13½ miles was laid down up to about the same date. Glasgow could point to upwards of nine miles; special provision being made in the case of the Vale of Clyde Tramways for the transit of railway rolling-stock, an ingenious modification of the gauge being called into play for meeting the difference of thickness of the wheel-tires. In Dublin about sixteen miles were opened before this time. Mr. Clark gives us in a folding sheet a succinct knowledge at a glance of the entire range of tramways authorized and opened in the United Kingdom at the end of June 1876, with the length of mileage and capital expended in the case of each several Company, adding more minute details both of construction and cost in the most prominent instances. Nearly fifty separate lines are herein shown to be at work, upon which upwards of three millions of capital have been expended. Whatever may be the particular mode of construction or pattern of rail, the cost, Mr. Clark assures us, is much the same; the disproportion manifested in the capital or current accounts of different lines being due in the main to local causes, such as the absurd and arbitrary charges which he complains are levied upon the tramway by the urban authorities. Thus in the paving of the road or street on each side of the line,

to the extent of six yards in all, there is forestalled in some cases an item of 6,000*l.* per mile of double line, whereas the entire actual laying of the double tram, inclusive of concrete and paving, averages no more than 18,707*l.* per mile. He need of course hardly remind us that "averages do not reveal extremes;" as the capital sunk in the London street tramways amounted to 28,000*l.*, while that required for the Southport line was no more than 6,580*l.* a mile. No such extreme variety is seen in their cost of maintenance or working expenditure, of which horning forms by far the heaviest item, costing in the case of Dublin 49½ per cent. of total annual outlay, and in that of London from 55·53 to 56·67; whilst in Edinburgh it is raised to 58·53 by reason of the extra steepness of the gradients. No line is old enough as yet for its normal rate of cost for maintenance and repairs of cars and way to have been ascertained; but this will not exceed, it is thought, a penny per mile run. The total expenditure on tramways averages 11½*d.* per mile run, or say 1s., equal to 75 per cent. of the gross receipts, which average 16*d.* per mile run. The North Metropolitan Company, whose line is the longest, and whose capital expenditure is the largest, hires its horse-power from the London General Omnibus Company at the rate of 6¾*d.* per mile run. The "London" supplied by its own horses, seems to exceed this rate when the wages of keepers, rent of stables, and cost of harness are counted in. Each car on duty runs on an average seventy miles a day, and requires a stud of eleven horses, one spare animal being included. Each horse, we read with surprise, does an average of no more than six and a half miles work a day, his working life beginning at the age of five and lasting only four years. He is bought for 40*l.* as a rule, and sold, when worn out, for 9*l.* or 10*l.* His forage comes to about 12s. 3*d.* a week at ordinary prices, consisting almost entirely of maize, oats as a staple of food being wellnigh given up. With it are mixed peas and bran, the whole amounting to 17 lbs. a day, with 1½ lbs. of linseed steeped in cold water for twenty-four hours, stirred about, and given as a drink. "This is the finest thing I know of," says a great authority. Each horse costs as near as may be, including maintenance and renewal, 1*l.* a week.

With the future of tramways is bound up the important question of the introduction of steam-power. Writing as an engineer, Mr. Clark is of course wholly on the side of mechanical as opposed to animal propulsion, which he vehemently denounces as "a misfit and a barbarism." The wear and tear of horse-service is both cruel and costly. The substitution of steam would be at once tantamount to an additional dividend of 7½ per cent. Our author gives an interesting historical sketch of the application of mechanical power to tramways, with instructive details of the manifold schemes of propulsion, hot water and compressed air as well as steam being brought in as motors. Excessive ingenuity is shown in many of these inventions—the Merryweather engine seeming, on the whole, to carry off the palm as well for effective working as for economy of cost. In conclusion, an outline is given of tramway legislation, showing the strides lately gained by the steam car towards legislative sanction. The modified support given by the recent Committee of the House of Commons has since lent to the project a degree of encouragement which we sincerely trust is no augury of eventual success. It is all very well to point to steam trams running in numbers with speed, safety, and economy along the broad, straight thoroughfares of America and France. It must be hoped that our Legislature will for ever avert what must prove a danger and a nuisance from our narrow, tortuous, crowded roads and streets. Beyond all considerations of speed and cheapness of locomotion are the lives and limbs of the lieges. The legislation of recent years, enlightened by mournful experience of death and mutilation, has been dead against giving sanction in the case of railways to any crossing upon the level. Is leave now to be given to what is in practice nothing else but an unlimited system of level crossings?

#### THREE MINOR NOVELS.\*

**W**E class these three books together, though the first on the list is incomparably the best; having indeed an amount of originality in the plot which lifts it from the ranks of commonplace stories, and which would even have borne greater expansion than it has received. And this is rare praise to give in days when every little starveling idea, about strong enough for a magazine story, is made to bear the weight of three long volumes, helped out with padding where solid substance fails. The characters, too, in *Sebastian* are unhackneyed, unidealized, and lifelike. If we had a fault to find with them it would be that they seem a little too closely copied from living models, so that they are drawn with peculiarities which do not help so much as they encumber the portrait, but which in real persons would be marked characteristics enough. This is singularly the case in the description of Cicely:

It was a large face, very faulty in outline, but it had in its soft curves and milky paleness a wonderful purity. In such a face one expected to see large, languid eyes and lips, and an indolent lack-lustre sort of expression, while red hair *must*, it would be thought, accompany such a com-

\* *Sebastian*. By Katharine Cooper. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

*Blue Bell*. By M. Bramston, Author of "Em," &c., &c. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1878.

*Summer Snow*. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Lady Bell," &c., &c. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1878.

plexion. But here in this large face, with its double chin, appeared eyes and mouth of almost infantile freshness and delicacy, a little Grecian nose, and brows which, though low, were delicately shaped, and wore the light as well as the wear and tear of unevaded thought. They were crowned by hair of light brown, with a glitter of gold in it. The same contrast as there was between the shape of the face and in the centre features appeared in the thick neck and the tiny, exquisitely-finished ears—in the large arm and small tapering hand, the somewhat full form and light foot. Altogether, Sebastian's charge gave him the impression of an unfinished marble sculpture, inspired with human and spiritual life, while in its state of incompleteness.

By the by, what is meant by brows wearing "the light as well as the wear and tear of unevaded thought"? It may be that we have all become denaturalized by the impossible loveliness of our stock heroines; but this description places before us only a huge, unformed, flabby-faced young woman, by no means one of the kind for whom a man would die or whom a poet would spend his strength in immortalizing. The same kind of thing comes into the description of Sebastian. It does not belong to him to have a crooked spine, and the author's frequent reference to his "forward" shoulder and uneven outline makes his portrait neither more vivid nor more harmonious. Neither is the painting of his eyes of singular merit. "Eyes of blue, with pupils black as jet," may be a nice contrast of colour; but Miss Cooper might as well have said, "well shaped hands, with four fingers and a thumb on each"; since pupils have not the habit of being grey, or green, or anything else but black. This is not the only instance where she has suffered sound to run away with sense. We counsel her to a more rigid consideration of her sentences than that which she now bestows on them; for a pretty jingle without meaning, though it passes in a rapid reading, does not bear investigation; and good work should stand every kind of test. The character of "Little Amos" is very good; and the quietness and meekness of his nature come out in excellent contrast with the greater strength and hardness of his wife. Certainly the pair are not handsome. "Little Amos," so called by the neighbouring clergy, who thus alluded "rather to the general smallness of his life, means, and aims, than to his person, which was but slightly below middle height, and somewhat thick set," is presented to us thus:—

His face was pale and inclining to puffiness, his hair black, rather low on the forehead, and growing in a thick even border round his cheeks and chin. His mouth was well formed, and had an air of quiet sociability. His eyes were dark, comely, and calm. They were always grave, though seldom sad; frank, but seldom trustful. When the rest of the face smiled, the eyes were still grave; when they had to look on great sorrow, they were still calm.

Miss Langworthy, who afterwards becomes his wife, "was tall and large, though thin. She had red hair and light brown eyes. They were not handsome eyes, being small, poor in colour, and having scarcely perceptible lashes and brows; but they had a look of keen discernment and clear intelligence." How "Little Amos" came to marry her, after burying his hopeless and unspoken love for Lillian, is one of the best bits in the book. His unspoken love for the girl who can never be his is very tenderly indicated; so is hers for him, and the honour with which both understand that she must keep her father's pledge sacred and marry the young Mr. Dowdeswell who has been betrothed to her. "Little Amos'" loveless married life that follows when he has parted for ever with the one sweet poem of his heart is cleverly touched in; and we must praise, too, the skill with which Miss Cooper has shown how lovelessness wears down at last into something like tenderness, as habit makes the woman's stronger mind and clearer will more and more necessary to her husband; and her strong sense of duty, which never fails in action if it never warms into sentiment, rouses in him something that may pass for love if it is in reality only gratitude. Dowdeswell, Lillian's husband and widower, is well drawn; and Dora, his child, is all that she should be for the part that is assigned to her. Prebendary Jellicoe, too, is well done; but that he and Mrs. Dowdeswell, proud and irascible as they are, should have sat so patiently by the bedside of poor "Little Amos" after they had nearly killed him by their meddlesome cruelty, and should have eaten humble-pie so contentedly in their desire to right Sebastian whom they had wronged, is, we fear, almost too good to be true. Mrs. Dowdeswell's repentance and its results certainly seem beyond the limits of her nature; but we are glad that Miss Cooper does not draw on the one hand demons and angels, without redeeming qualities or human frailties on the other.

The first half of the story is taken up with an account of Sebastian's abortive education. His mother has dreamed at his birth a day-dream of hope in his future, and how he is to be "a great blessing," and to "change everything" for them some day; and the father suffers himself to be influenced by these hopes, and to make himself a party to the system of intellectual forcing which is founded on them. But Sebastian is delicate in health, backward in mind, an incorrigible dreamer, and a dunce whom no teaching can quicken into cleverness. In her despair Mrs. Gould turns for advice to her grand friend and the child's godfather, Prebendary Jellicoe, who counsels a whipping as the best method known to him of stimulating a torpid brain. Sebastian finds out what it is proposed to do with him, and the whipping episode is full of humour, and, we need hardly add, devoid of pain. So is the little picture of Dora's jacket, with the collar fastened round her waist instead of round her neck, when she rushes over to the rectory to tell Amos how badly poor Sebastian is being treated by the Prebendary, with the result of timely rescue and the salvation of the boy's very life. But is not the mother a little too hard? She strikes us as scarcely natural in her supreme care for

the feelings of "the Bishop" when she sees to what a pitiable pass he has reduced her child. Perhaps, however, Miss Cooper is right. Maternal tenderness is by no means universal among mothers.

The second half of the book contains the story of Sebastian's manhood. He passes his first examination at Dublin University, but fails in his second; is then sent out by Prebendary Jellicoe as "lay assistant" to a newly-appointed missionary at Markland, New Zealand, with a prospect of ordination—as his cousin and namesake had him sent out before. This cousin and namesake, Sebastian Gould, is "out of the picture," but his existence is important, and his death which is slightly mentioned has even more importance than his life. In about four years' time our Sebastian is ordained, and the Prebendary sends for him home to be his curate at a by no means easy parish; but the young man is glad to come back to Dora Dowdeswell as well as to his own family. On board he meets the camellia-faced Cicely and her dying father; learns that she is a divorced wife, who is innocent of the charges brought against her, the retraction of which her father has in his pocket duly signed and delivered by the convicting witnesses; undertakes to give those letters to the deceived husband; but, on the father's deathbed, refuses to administer the Sacrament, because he cannot say that he is in charity with all men. This refusal, of which he does not give the reason, excites a good deal of talk and ill-feeling in the ship, but he is content with himself and holds to his idea of duty. When he comes home, he finds that Dora is engaged to be married to Mr. Rudall, the husband of this very Cicely whom he has undertaken to restore, if possible, to happiness and fair fame by repiecing her broken marriage. How he accomplishes this forms the pith of the latter part of the story; but in doing this he naturally excites the anger of Mr. Dowdeswell, the Prebendary, and the Prebendary's sister, and, for the moment, of Dora herself. But Cicely is happy, though Mr. Rudall does commit the unpardonable offence of quoting Milton as his first greeting after their two years' separation when he goes down to Wales to claim her again as his beloved, injured, and innocent wife.

And now Sebastian's time of trial begins. The captain of the *Tasmania*, in which he came home from New Zealand, being half-drunk, tells Mr. Dowdeswell that this Sebastian Gould is only a Scripture-reader, who has never been ordained at all, but stole his cousin's ordination papers when he died, and with these is acting as a clergyman. He adduces as proof his refusal to administer the Sacrament to the dying man Ballantyne, which is the only proof he has to give. Of course the Prebendary and Mr. Dowdeswell believe the whole story as it stands, tell "Little Amos" of his son's monstrous wickedness, and urge him to send him out of the country at once. All that follows on this is well done, but too slightly sketched for our pleasure. The subject would have carried greater weight of elaboration, and it is a pity that so good an idea should have been partially wasted. The Prebendary's dread of worldly disgrace breaking through his horror at his pretended curate's sacrilege in burying, marrying, and administering without orders is excellent; the father's despair; the mother's stony hardness; Sebastian's unconsciousness; the horror with which Amos refuses his son's proffered assistance in his duties—all are parts of the picture wrought in with care and taste, and we can only regret that we had not more of the same kind.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the first two issues of the "Blue Bell" series. These are pretty little books, designed apparently for the reading of young girls on the debatable land between childhood and womanhood. They are quite pure and healthy, but naturally, addressed to such an audience, show little power and no passion. The first on the list is the story of a weak-willed, insincere kind of girl, who flings over her faithful lover, and marries for money and position; while Blue Bell, the real heroine, consoles the disconsolate hero at the end of the book, and they live happy for ever after. The second, *Summer Snow*, tells how a pensive and broken-hearted Christophe, in mourning for the loss of her engaged husband, Hal Butler, falls in love with Uncle Dick, to whose house she goes on a visit; how Hal turns up again alive and well, never having been dead at all; how Chris then prefers the elder to the younger, and keeps faith with Uncle Dick, while Hal has to be contented with the younger sister Bab. This, with some little interludes concerning Debby, Hal's sister, make up the plot and story of *Summer Snow*, offering harmless, if not very nutritious, food to the youthful digestion for which it is intended. The design thus begun by the publishers is, however, so good that we wish it heartily success. If the "Blue Bell" series is but milk for the babes, that is better than garbage; and as babes must be fed, like their elders, it is well that their food should be wholesome.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

QUEEN CAROLINE of the Two Sicilies \* has an evil name in history. In Italy her memory is associated with a dismal catalogue of massacres and executions; in England with the one indelible blot on the fame of Nelson. It can hardly be said that Queen Caroline has found an apologist in Baron von Helfert; but he certainly exhibits her actions in the most favourable light

\* *Königin Karolina von Neapel und Sizilien im Kampfe gegen die französische Weltkraft, 1799–1814.* Von Freiherr von Helfert. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

possible by relating them mainly from her own point of view. His narrative irresistibly suggests how the transactions of the Revolution must have appeared to the Queen herself. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of her abhorrence; and, if her resistance was marked by perfidy and ferocity, it is but just to remember the corruption of Neapolitan society in general, the cruelty and bigotry of the loyalist section of it, the utter contempt of public decency and good faith displayed by the French in all their proceedings, and the prominent part forced upon Caroline by the political nullity of her husband. Baron von Helfert hints at all these circumstances without attempting a direct vindication anywhere. His method is to pass lightly over awkward matters, neither omitting nor misrepresenting them, but saying little about them. His strength is concentrated on the diplomatic department of his subject, for which indeed he has a fair justification in the amount of new material which he has been able to command. The Vienna archives have proved most productive, and the reports of Ambassadors from the rival Courts of Naples and Palermo have enabled him to make great additions to the narrative of Colletta, whose general credit nevertheless remains unshaken. The military narrative is by comparison somewhat meagre, but perhaps could hardly have been made more ample without unduly increasing the size of the volume. Generally speaking, the first transactions of the revolutionary period appear somewhat slurred over; as the history proceeds it becomes more copious, and is especially so in treating of the period most interesting to English readers—Lord William Bentinck's virtual reign in Sicily. The obstinacy and bad faith of the Sicilian Court compelled Bentinck to practically assume the administration of the island. His endowing it with a Constitution on the English model was a step in the right direction, which, if persisted in, with the amendments suggested by experience, might have kept the Bourbon family on the throne of Sicily to this day. Baron von Helfert cannot or will not see this; his treatment of Bentinck, though strictly within the limits of politeness, reflects the passions and prejudices of a Court which could never understand why it might not do what it liked with its own. Of Bentinck's great Indian career he seems ignorant; otherwise it might have occurred to him that the statesman who imprinted upon the administration of an Empire a mark which it has never lost could hardly be incompetent to govern a small island where almost any change must be a change for the better. Englishmen in general, it must be feared, know little more of the Sicilian episode in Bentinck's life than Baron von Helfert does of the Indian. It will be well if his work serves to direct attention to the lack of a biography of this illustrious man, the materials for which, both in public collections and in private hands, must be very extensive.

The eighteenth volume of Schultheiss's annual historical register\* maintains the credit of the work as sober and impartial, if dry, chronicle of occurrences from a German point of view, especially useful for preserving reports of speeches and abstracts of important public documents. It is but natural that Germany and Austro-Hungary should occupy more than half the volume. English history is almost monopolized by the proceedings of Parliament. The absurd title of *Kulturmampf*—originally, one would suppose, given in irony—seems to be seriously adopted to denote Prince Bismarck's efforts to suppress Ultramontanism.

"Twelve chapters from the Life" of the illustrious mathematician Gauss † scarcely bear out the promise of the title-page. They deal with Gauss almost entirely in his connexion with his native district of Brunswick, and contain copious particulars respecting his relatives, who seem to have been chiefly remarkable for their longevity. Gauss's own history was not distinguished by any extraordinary vicissitudes; his birth, indeed, was most humble, but his almost preternatural talents for calculation speedily attracted the attention of his preceptors, and the generous patronage of the Duke of Brunswick did the rest. The French conquest led to his removal to Göttingen, and his subsequent connexion with his native Duchy was very slight. The Brunswickers, however, have discovered that he was the most distinguished countryman they ever had, and are about to testify their appreciation by a statue.

Professor Eberty, the author of an excellent German Life of Byron ‡, has obliged us with a most entertaining volume of recollections of passages of his own career, and of Berlin manners and customs in his younger days. These were days of plain living, if not always of high thinking; all domestic arrangements and most public amusements were upon the homeliest scale, and the tremendous pecuniary losses occasioned by the French invasion exacted the severest economy. Professor Eberty sees little to regret in those ancient days in comparison with our own. He is well pleased that books no longer come from the publishers in sheets; assents to the disappearance, while minutely detailing the construction, of candle-snuffers; and considers lucifer-matches on the whole better than the primitive method of dipping a splinter coated with sulphur into a bottle of oil of vitriol. The more momentous developments in the direction of freedom of thought, speech, and action enjoy his full approval; and, on the whole, his principal regret seems to be one for certain descriptions of beer, which have somehow failed to illustrate the

principle of the survival of the fittest. One of the most interesting sections of his book is his account of the remarkable school where he received the best part of his education, conducted by Cauer, on the principles of Fichte, and in many respects so excellent that it might have passed for a model, but for the unreasonably Spartan character of some of the arrangements. Greek, mathematics, and music were the principal subjects of instruction, and Greek was taught before Latin. The moral tone was exceedingly high. At a later period Professor Eberty went to the University of Bonn, whose professors supply him with an inexhaustible stock of amusing anecdotes. August Schlegel was still there, almost as conspicuous for his personal vanity as his genius. To conceal his baldness, he had twelve wigs, of different lengths of hair, graduated with the utmost nicety. Beginning with the shortest, Schlegel would wear them all in due succession until he came to the longest, when he would run his fingers through the supposititious locks, and exclaim, "I must really get my hair cut!" Next week he would appear in the shortest wig, and repeat the series. While preparing for his judicial examination at Berlin, Professor Eberty made the acquaintance of other remarkable characters; among them a profound mathematician, so strongly impressed with the fear that civilization would be subverted by barbarians ignorant of the proper method of calculating Easter that he calculated it himself up to A.D. 2200, by which time he ventured to hope that "culture" might be restored. Another professor was discovered on one occasion in a state of intense excitement. "Five years," he exclaimed, "have I studied the Koran, and have never been able to understand it; and now I do understand it. It is all stuff and nonsense!" Professor Eberty's employment as an assistant magistrate made him acquainted with some of the most remarkable criminal cases of the day. Many of the leading members of Berlin society, he says, were indirectly mixed up in them, and not unfrequently the course of justice was arrested by a royal order quashing further proceedings.

The Pädagogic Training School at Jena \* has an interesting history. Founded in 1843 by Stoy, a teacher, as would appear, of extraordinary energy and talent for organization, it was broken up in 1865, owing to misunderstandings with professors of the theological faculty, subsequently reconstituted, and eventually brought back to its original situation. These vicissitudes are described with much warmth of feeling by Herr Weilinger, one of its pupils.

The causes which influenced the shape and general construction of the first religious edifices of Latin Christianity are investigated by Dr. J. P. Richter.† He concludes that the most distinctive feature of a church in the minds of the primitive believers was its connexion with the martyr to whom it was dedicated, and that when public worship became practicable from the cessation of persecution, the martyrs' tombs already existing afforded the rudimentary pattern for the construction of churches.

Herr Jordan's work on the topography of the ancient city of Rome ‡ promises to be very comprehensive and systematic. Beginning with a general survey of the actual condition of the remains, he describes first the traditional sources of information, next the progress of modern critical research, and then investigates the vestiges of prehistoric settlements upon the site and the ramparts of Servius and Aurelian. The bridges, aqueducts, and similar external communications follow, and the way is now clear for the detailed examination of the edifices of the city itself, which will form the subject of the second volume. The writer has been assisted by the most eminent living Roman antiquaries, and his work seems likely to represent the maturest results of contemporary research.

Herr Sternberg does not profess to write a complete history of the Jews in Poland §, but merely to bring together such notices from Slavonic sources as may be useful to the future historian. The task thus modestly undertaken is intelligently performed, save for the numberless typographical errors in the Latin quotations. The Jews seem to have made their first appearance in Poland about the end of the eighth century, coming from the dominions of the Khan of the Chazars, where their influence was such as to give rise to the popular belief in a Jewish kingdom. Poland was still heathen, and they had no difficulty in obtaining a footing in it, although an alleged charter with extensive privileges rests solely on tradition, and is obviously apocryphal. The introduction of Christianity was unfavourable to their interests; they nevertheless appear to have been generally tolerated, and in 1254 Boleslaus accorded them an undoubted charter, whose provisions are in the highest degree creditable to the justice and wisdom of its framers. Casimir the Great, one of whose concubines was a Jewess, favoured them especially; under his successors they were oppressed, and it may in general be said that they have experienced the general fate of Polish dissidents in being protected by the able sovereigns and ill-treated, though not absolutely persecuted, by the feeble and priest-ridden. Herr Sternberg gives an account of a remarkable

\* *Europäischer Geschichtskalender*. Herausgegeben von H. Schultheiss. Jahrg. 18. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

† K. F. Gauss. *Zwölf Kapitel aus seinem Leben*. Von L. Häuselmann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Jugenderinnerungen eines alten Berliners*. Von Felix Eberty. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Das Pädagogische Seminar in Jena: seine Geschichte und Bedeutung*. Von A. Weilinger. Jena: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Ursprung der abendländischen Kirchengebäude*. Von Dr. J. P. Richter. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

‡ *Topographie der Stadt Rom im Alterthum*. Von H. Jordan. Bd. 2. Abth. 2. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geschichte der Juden in Polen unter den Piasten und den Jagiellonen*. Von H. Sternberg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

manifestation of Judaism as a proselytizing religion in Russia, which endured for a considerable part of the sixteenth century.

The author of "Pictures from Cairo" \* is hardly pictorial enough to compensate for his extreme superficiality. The best that can be said of his volumes is that they may serve to give intending visitors to Egypt a pretty fair general notion of what they are likely to see, imperfect in points of detail, but probably not inaccurate as regards the general impression of the sum of things Egyptian. The greater part of his two prettily printed volumes is occupied with the description of sundry picnics, from which little is to be gathered except that the author and his friends were in the habit of enjoying themselves, and that those who resort to Egypt with equally good tempers and good digestions may expect to do the like. There are besides, a long dissertation on the position of women in Egypt, not uninteresting, but evidently compiled from various sources, and a chapter on the Khedive, more conspicuously endowed with the merit of originality. Herr Ebeling fully admits the shortcomings of the Khedive's administration, but considers that they principally arise from the inexperience of that well-intentioned prince, and his inability to penetrate the characters and motives of those by whom he is surrounded.

Dr. Chavanne † has travelled in Africa, but his general description of the Sahara appears to be principally derived from the accounts of other travellers, especially Rohlf's. The work is, however, very well done, and will tend to rectify current impressions respecting the utter poverty and monotony of the Sahara, in which, when carefully inspected, much more variety both of life and scenery will be found than is usually supposed. Dr. Chavanne gives a circumstantial account of the Tuareg, a people of Berber race, interesting in many respects, and particularly so for the tenacity with which they have retained their ancient alphabet, which is at this day almost identical with that of Libyan inscriptions of the Carthaginian period. The value of the work is enhanced by numerous woodcuts and some well-executed chromolithographs.

Dr. J. Raska ‡ labours very hard to reconcile the biblical chronology, as understood by the Fathers, with the results of Egyptian and Assyrian studies. His obvious learning and industry might have produced useful results if he had treated both sources of information impartially and independently; but the attempt to compel one to agree with the other, whether it will or not, cannot in the nature of things be successful. The shortness of the reigns which he is obliged to assign to most of the Egyptian Kings should have warned him that Egyptian chronology cannot be pared down to accord with his hypothesis.

The grammatical niceties of the Egyptian plural are important to only a very limited class of scholars, but the introductory observations to Dr. Erman's essay § on the subject possess interest for a wider circle. He remarks that the inscriptions of the New Empire and subsequent periods, being composed in an archaic dialect by persons unacquainted with its peculiarities, are almost useless for philological purposes. An Egyptian priest or scribe under Rameses wrote the language of the fifth dynasty as an educated German, acquainted with none but the modern grammar of the language, might write in the style of the *Nibelungen Lied*. The imperfect recognition of this fact has led to many errors.

Any work of Professor Lübeck is sure to be generally attractive, and his "History of Italian Painting from the Fourth to the Sixteenth Century" || is as pleasing as it can be made by elegance of style, lucidity of exposition, and copious and well-executed illustrations. Originality or profundity of criticism is not to be looked for; the scope of the work is strictly popular. Beginning from so early a date, the author has been led to devote considerable attention to the survival of classic influence in Christian mosaics and miniatures, which section is not the least interesting part of his volume.

Herr Riehl's sketches of characteristic personages ¶ and phases in musical history are entertaining, but slight. The most interesting is perhaps a sketch of F. Krommer, a contemporary of Mozart, eminent in his own day as a composer of chamber music, and now, as it would seem, somewhat undeservedly forgotten.

Khodja Nasreddin \*\* is a Turkish typical figure, the half-witted yet shrewd personage on whom professional storytellers fatten the jokes, verbal or practical, which constitute so large a portion of their stock in trade. Many of these are not deficient in humour; but "Murad Efendi," in attempting a German poetical version, has ruined them, for the most part, by his intolerable prolixity and circumlocution. If there is any exception to the rule that "Nothing's so tedious as a twice-told tale," it is the tale that takes twice as long as it ought in the telling. The writer appears

to more advantage in his original poems \*, which are frequently fanciful and sprightly, and only too much in the manner of Heine.

The *Rundschau* † claims attention in the first place by a thoughtful article on Russian Nihilism, by E. von der Brüggen. The writer feels the difficulty of interpreting a movement which has as yet scarcely got beyond the sentiment of a discontent with the existing order of things, as vague in its end as it is ruthless in its means and passionate in its expression. He contributes, however, something to a more accurate comprehension of it by pointing out the reinforcement it has received from young men whose career has been blighted by the official insistence on proficiency in classics, a study unsuited to the national tastes and aptitudes. Since this has become a noticeable element, the movement has become less dreamy and unpunctual, and more disposed to resort to overt action. Another good article is Julius Rodenberg's essay on Macaulay, an estimate in many respects more favourable than some recent English ones, as more thoroughly free from the transcendental standards which some have wished to apply to the most practical of writers. A yacht voyage along the monotonous course of the Spree is recounted in a way to show what interest can be derived from the least romantic aspects of nature. An article on the Paris Exhibition is full of interest. The writer extols French hospitality and *savoir faire*, touches the weak points of the various exhibiting nations with no unkindly hand, and speaks most appreciatively of the English school of painting, and, which is more surprising, of English sculpture.

\* *Ost und West*. Gedichte von Murad Efendi. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Trübner & Co.

† Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahr. 4. Hft. 11. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

**ERRATUM.**—In our article on "The Severn Valley" (August 3, 1878, p. 143), for "The Abbot's Lodge has, at Wenlock," read "The Abbot's Lodge has, at Buildwas."

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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\* *Bilder aus Kairo*. Von Adolf Ebeling. 2 Bde. Stuttgart: Levy & Müller. London: Williams & Norgate.  
† *Die Sahara, oder, Von Oase zu Oase. Bilder aus dem Natur und Volksleben in der grossen afrikanischen Wüste*. Von Dr. J. Chavanne. Liefer. 6-12. Wien: Hartleben. London: Nutt.

‡ *Die Chronologie der Bibel im Einklange mit der Zeitrechnung Egypten und Assyriens*. Von Johann Raska. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

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¶ *Musikalische Charakterköpfe*. Von W. H. Riehl. Bd. 3. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Nasreddin Chodja. Ein osmanischer Eulenspiegel*. Von Murad Efendi. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Trübner & Co.



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